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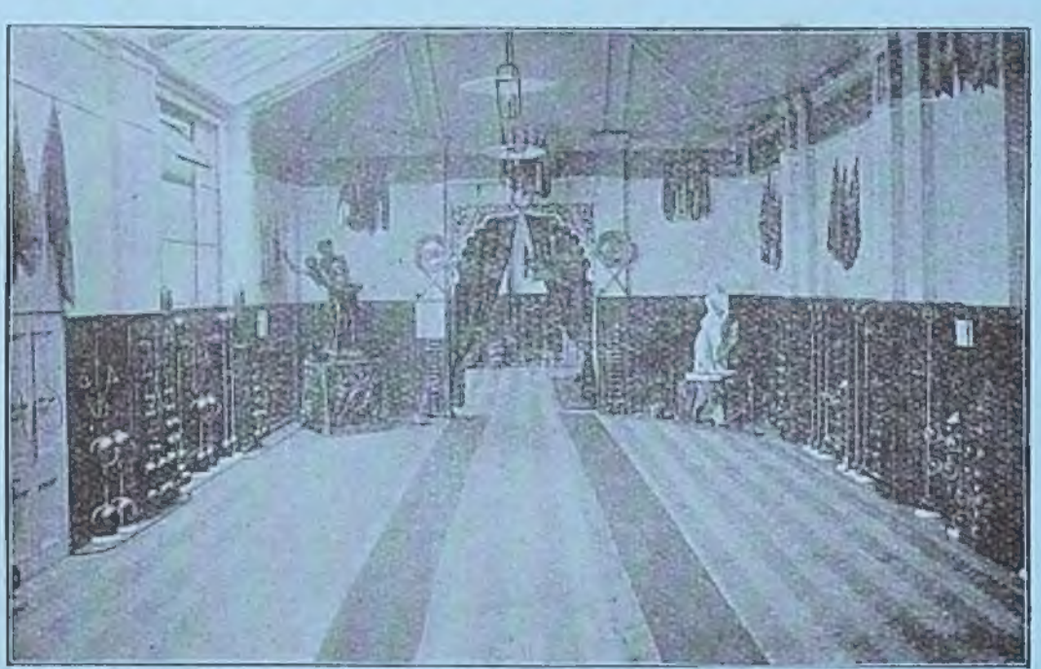

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CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1903.

		Page
SATYR AND GANYMEDE		Frontispiece
NATIONAL PHYSICAL CULTURE (MY SYSTEM AND MY CRITICS)	Eugen Sandow	131
THE NATIONAL PHYSIQUE		135
A NEW SANDOW POSE.—XXIII.		137
LONDON WORKING LADS AT LEISURE *Illustrated.*		138
A WALKING TOUR *Illustrated.*	Park Osborne	141
A HOT YANKEE SHIP *Illustrated.*	J. St. A. Jewell	145
A GREAT HAND EQUILIBRIST *(with Portrait)*		156
PHYSICAL EDUCATION IN INDIA *Illustrated.*		157
A SPRINTER AND THE SANDOW SYSTEM. L. F. TREMEER *Illustrated.*		159
HINTS ON SEA BATHING *Illustrated.*	Archibald Sinclair	161
IN THE DOCTOR'S SANCTUM (COSTLESS CURES)		165
THE PROSPECTS OF THE BRITISH RACE (Mr. FRANCIS GALTON, F.R.S., ON THE NATIONAL PHYSIQUE)		167
INDIAN CLUBS *Illustrated.*	An Amateur Champion	170
NOTES OF THE MONTH *Illustrated.*		173
ON THE HILLS WITH A RIFLE *(with Portrait)*	Gurkir-Pal Singh Mann	180
A NEW SANDOW POSE.—XXIV.		183
A PARSON'S TRIBUTE TO PHYSICAL CULTURE *Illustrated.*		184
OUR LADIES' PAGES		188
NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC PRIZE COMPETITION AWARD FOR AUGUST		190
SOME NEW ZEALAND ATHLETES *Illustrated.*		192
HINTS ON PHYSICAL CULTURE	W. H. H.	198
PHYSICAL PARS.		199
WEST-END ASSOCIATION NOTES		200
ATHLETICS IN THE CITY	A. P. Parker	202
MATTERS OF WEIGHT	"Bar-bell"	204
HINTS FROM SANDOW		207

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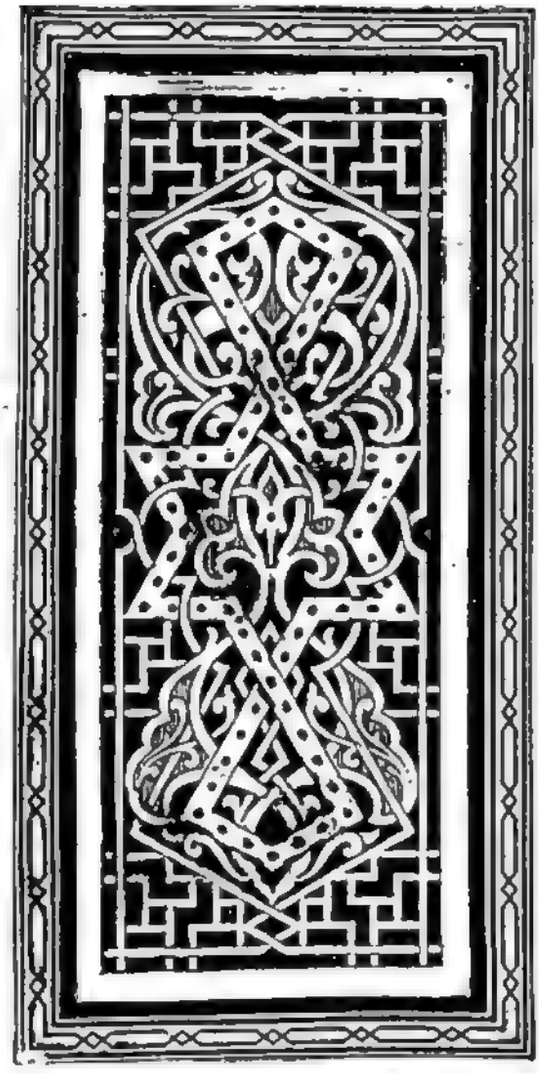

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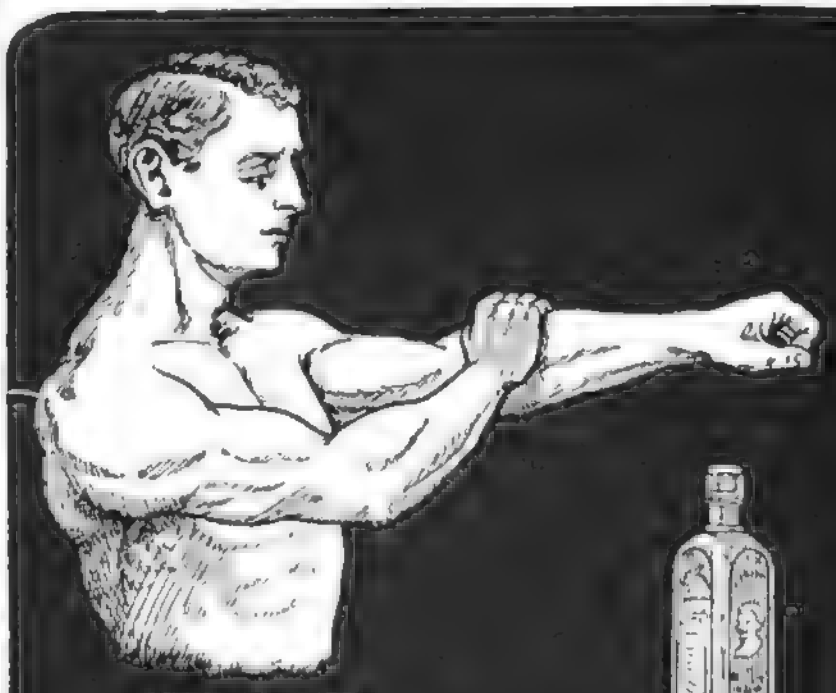

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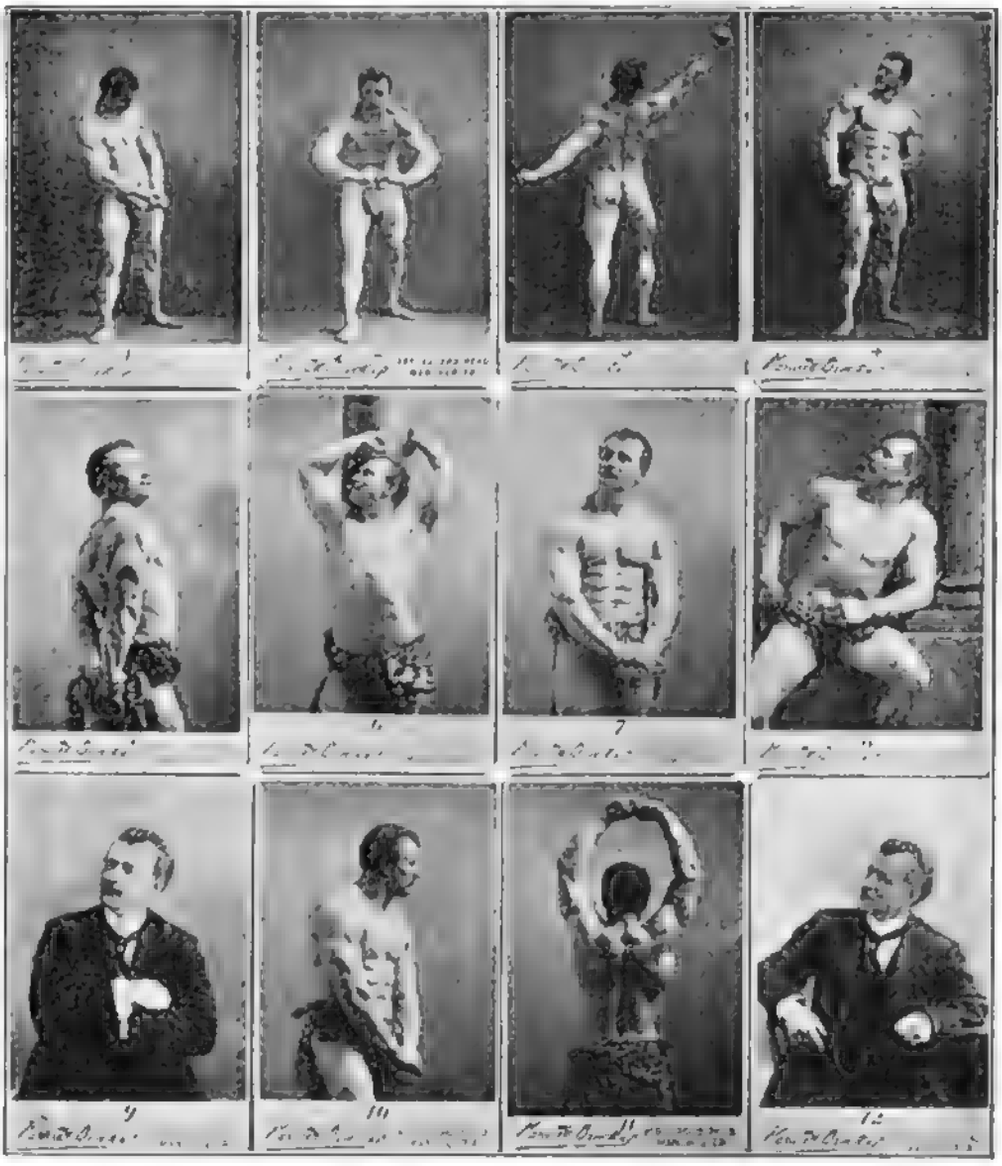

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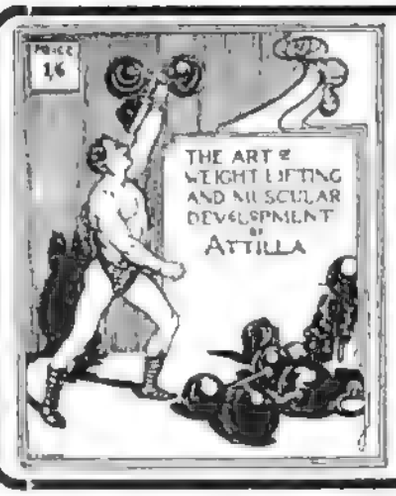

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SATYR AND GANYMEDE

National Physical Culture.

MY SYSTEM AND MY CRITICS.

THE issue of the special supplement to the July number of the Magazine, dealing with the Report of the Scottish Commission on Physical Training, has brought forth considerable comment from the world's press, but it is extremely gratifying to me to note that whilst a very few are inclined to belittle my object, *the object of my life*, the majority support me in my efforts and agree thoroughly with me in the sentiments therein expressed.

Every day the question of physical education is becoming more and more prominent; the papers are devoting columns to the National Physique where lines formerly sufficed, and it is to be sincerely hoped that before long the State will see its way to bring matters to a head. I have so frequently given my views and ideas on this subject of National Physical Culture that it seems almost superfluous to go into it again. But I must crave the indulgence of my readers for a brief space whilst I give a short outline of what I am doing in regard to schools, in order to enlighten innumerable correspondents who have asked me to explain my suggested *modus operandi*, and which I have already found to prove both workable and successful. There are many, chiefly schoolmasters, who, having read the supplement, have written asking how I would propose meeting their case. I will give an instance. A gentleman wrote stating that he had a boys' school numbering thirty pupils, most of whom were willing and anxious to go through a course of physical culture. He desired to know how he could introduce my system into his school, and I thereupon offered him the choice of two courses—either to send down a qualified instructor who had been through a proper training at my schools, or to undertake their physical training through my Postal Instruction Scheme. This latter has already been found to work most successfully. The boys are measured at stated intervals, their full particulars entered and their work regulated according to requirements from month to month.

To return to the questions of the reviews of my pamphlet, it is pleasing to read in the "Christian Globe" that my remarks concerning the physical training of children are "sound

advice and we trust will be carried out by those who have the care of children in their hands"; further that the "Guardian" should consider I have "done good service in publishing the extracts." The review goes on to say, "The Report is of great interest, but a Blue Book has probably less chance of being read in its unadulterated form than when illustrated with remarks by a popular authority on the subject of which it treats. Mr. Sandow has the better right to speak that his evidence helped the Commission in their investigation and that they recommend the inclusion of the breathing exercises, which form an important part of his system, as practised at the London Orphan Asylum in any model system of training." High praise, truly, from such a great authority. The leading journal in the North of England, the "Newcastle Chronicle," expresses the opinion that "No more effective means of giving public opinion a lead in the right direction could be found than in the issue of the extracts from the Report of the Royal Commission, which contains evidence that shows the urgent need of reform." The "Brighton Gazette," which devotes nearly a column to it, is of opinion that "the pamphlet makes interesting reading" and does me the honour of considering that I am "pre-eminently fitted to offer advice and comment on the important subject." The "Hull News" ventures to draw a comparison between my utterances and those of several well known Members of Parliament, to the detriment of the latter, and expresses the view that when the feeding of the children of the masses is better looked after, my scheme may be nearer realisation.

There are some who are disposed to maintain that the physical standard can only be improved by the care of their children from their birth. But what good is that except for a few generations hence, for parents of the present generation will continue to beget weak and puny offspring because they themselves are physically degenerate. I maintain that from the oldest to the youngest it is necessary to look to their physical welfare in order to at once bring about a lasting improvement. And how is this to be done? By a system of National Physical Culture, undoubtedly. Remember, it is the delicate children who want looking after—those who, during their early years, are pushed to the wall by their stronger companions, and it is just these weak ones which Physical Culture will improve and help to become strong, healthy boys and girls, fit for the battle of life, and capable of holding their own in whatever they may take up, be it in games or business. I would again instil into the minds of my readers the argument which I have so often laid down in these columns, and also in my lectures, that Physical Culture must come first and games afterwards.

British sport is a great out-door means of expending that exuberant strength and energy which are the features of the race; systematic exercise is a scientific means of building up and perfecting the human body within the confines of your own four walls.

Some of my critics seem to think that I am averse to hygiene, and that all I advocate is abnormal muscular development. How many times have I insisted that Physical Culture, as instituted by me, does not mean abnormal but symmetrical muscular development? Thousands of times; and yet there are some who fail to grasp my ideas, which I have always attempted to explain as lucidly as possible. The criticism in "The Week's Survey" is an interesting one, but the writer has fallen into the common error which I have mentioned above, whilst, strangely enough, his only disagreement with my comments is in connection with the very argument which I have always made, viz., that a man must have a sound body to work upon, which can only be obtained by systematic exercise. I reproduce here *in extenso* the remarks of my reviewer:—

"Mr. Sandow is a great muscle developer. He can put knots all over your body in three or six months, and expand your chest measurement an almost incredible number of inches in a given short period; and far be it from us to say that many men do not benefit from his course of treatment. But, as we have said before, man does not live on muscle alone. Before Mr. Sandow can build up a man's biceps, that man must have a sound body to work on. And herein lies the point of our disagreement with his comments upon the report of the Royal Commission. To secure a healthy race you must breed from healthy stock, and you must rear the offspring in sanitary dwellings, feed them with wholesome food, ensure them an abundance of fresh air and exercise, and, above all, inculcate in them habits of clean living, physically and morally. We cannot improve the stock we have come from, but we can work wonders with the offspring. Plain wholesome food and sanitary surroundings must be first secured, and then an easy opportunity for exercise in the open air in sports that bring all the body into play—not in mere muscle-raising. And habits of self-control must be taught. What a spectacle is presented by the thousands of youths—mere boys hundreds of them—who smoke their dozen cigarettes a day—not to hint at other forms of nerve-destroying self-abuse.

"Mr. Sandow does not seem to realise that thousands of our young men are in such a state that they could not endure physical exercise.

"There were some defects in these miserable objects of humanity—of which dozens can be seen in St. James's Park, which no system of Mr. Sandow's could cure. Taken at birth they might have been made robust men, but they were blighted long before they reached even the age of early manhood."

Now, reader, having perused the extract, does it not strike you that these are the very principles and requirements which ever since I introduced systematic physical culture into this country I have advocated as strongly as lie in my power? But the "can'ts" I do not agree with or believe in. No one, man or woman, unless suffering from organic disease, is "in such a state that they could not endure physical culture." If properly applied and under proper supervision, it is the very thing to bring about an improvement in these young men, both morally and physically. You do not want finer proof than the letter from a reverend gentleman in the North of England which appears in this month's issue. Read what Earl Grey says on the subject:—"It is the experience of our reformatories and industrial schools that many of the boys found in the lowest haunts, neglected by drunken and criminal parents, and who, unless rescued, would have grown up stunted and diseased, improve wonderfully, physically, morally and mentally, under the good physical training they receive." Surely, such words from so eminent an authority are sufficient to prove conclusively the fallacy of the idea that you cannot rescue these weaklings and make them better men and women in every sense.

I wish to dissociate myself altogether from the subject of abnormal strength or muscle. That is not the true gospel of Physical Culture at all. Many people still seem inclined to make the two terms synonymous. But whilst they are so to an extent, it is only so far as the fact that Physical Culture, which is to bring about a systematic development and improvement of all the organs and muscles of the body, must necessarily lead up to strength.

The question of the nation's food and its taxation is one which is far too broad to cope with in the narrow dimensions of an article such as this, and I intend to deal with it more fully in another portion of the Magazine at an early date. I would, however, state here it is my opinion that the question of

food, as taken up by some, is quite outside the bounds of Physical Culture. That a large proportion of the poorer class of children are underfed is, to an extent, true, but only inasmuch as their feeding is incorrect, and requires revision, and, as suggested by the recent Royal Commission in Scotland, might well be placed under the supervision of some governing authority. In the words of the Commissioners' Report, with which I heartily concur, "Unless children receive *sufficient nourishment*, they cannot be expected to profit by the mental and physical training provided for them." The words which I have italicised, however, carry with them a wide field for consideration and controversy, and, although dealing largely with the subject of deterioration in physique, are to an extent a branch of the question that should be dealt with apart. I have many proofs and examples that plain, simple —nay, even frugal—living, if of the proper kind, is sufficient to build up a healthy system, and these it is my intention to place before my readers when dealing with the subject of food and its relation to Physical Culture.

It may not be out of place to mention here that I am now engaged on a work which will embody my scheme of National Physical Education. It will be profusely illustrated, and will be published at the popular price of one shilling.

AN EMBRYO GYMNAST.

The National Physique.

THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL AND ARMY REJECTIONS.

FOLLOWING on the discussion in the House of Lords on national physical deterioration, an account of which appeared in the August issue of the Magazine, comes the issue of a "white paper" giving the memorandum of Sir William Taylor, Director-General of the Army Medical Service, on the physical unfitness of men offering themselves for enlistment. The memorandum, it would appear, is the outcome of statements made recently by Sir Frederick Maurice, and based on statistics, that only two out of every five men who enlisted remained in the Army as effective soldiers at the end of two years' service. A table is published, taken from the Army Medical Report of 1900, which is as follows:—

Occupation of Recruits.	Number Inspected.	Number Rejected.	Ratio Rejected per 1,000 Inspected.	Proportion of each group in 1,000 Recruits Inspected.
1. Labourers, servants, husbandmen, &c.	52,022	15,025	288·82	616
2. Manufacturing artisans (clothworkers, weavers, lacemakers, &c.)	12,971	3,478	299·54	142
3. Mechanics employed in occupations favourable to physical development (smiths, carpenters, masons, &c.)	11,201	2,923	260·96	133
Shopmen and clerks ..	5,950	1,826	306·89	72
5. Professional occupations, students, &c.	827	220	266·02	10
6. Boys under 17 years of age	2,431	273	112·30	29
Total	84,402	23,745	281·33	1,000

Sir William also presents a table giving the figures for ten years between 1893 and 1902, from which it is seen that one man out of every three is rejected. In the ten years 679,703 men were medically examined. Of these 234,914 were rejected on inspection, 5,849 broke down within three months after enlistment, and 14,259 were discharged as invalids under two years' service. In addition to these failures there is the large number rejected in the first instance by the recruiting officer as having no reasonable chance of getting through. This number is described as "appallingly large." Sir W. Taylor insists that information is wanted as to the causes of physical deficiency and as to the best available methods of remedying defects and improving the national health. He suggests to Mr. Brodrick the appointment of a commission to undertake such an inquiry.

The want of physique is described as serious, not only from the military aspect, but also from the civil standpoint. "If," says Sir William, "these men are unfit for military service, what are they good for? Inquiry is wanted, and it is vital for us to know the truth. Whether part of the physical deterioration is the result of unskilled labour flocking to the towns, and there failing to find means for properly rearing a family, or whether it be on account of causes which are attackable, such as early marriages and the ignorance of mothers, the result is that the rising generation of all below the artisan class includes a vast number of men of a very low standard of health and physique."

Coming to the causes of rejection, we find them chiefly poor physical development, defective eyesight, under chest measurement,

loss or decay of teeth, and diseases of the heart and veins. The following table gives the ratio of rejections per 1,000 :—

Causes of Rejection.	1891.	1896.	1897.	1898.	1899.	1900.	1901.	1902.
Under chest measur ment	93·03	139·64	89·44	73·88	65·84	59·84	49·88	56·72
Defective vision	42·35	49·72	41·15	42·6	41·09	36·42	35·84	39·23
Under weight ..	32·47	35·95	45·58	34·82	33·84	18·52	25·15	21·72
Under height ..	26·76	28·77	24·88	21·79	20·21	15·18	13·56	12·59
Imperfect constitution and debility.. ..	18·40	4·41	4·45	5·47	5·82	4·94	3·76	5·91
Disease of veins	16·39	15·72	15·42	15·74	14·27	11·69	13·62	12·30
Disease of heart	16·06	18·76	17·67	17·26	15·69	13·15	10·74	17·35
Defects of lower extremities ..	15·57	18·14	18·12	17·72	13·98	10·53	10·35	12·27
Varicocele ..	12·93	13·07	13·07	12·29	12·16	11·28	13·89	12·59
Flat feet	12·04	17·81	16·79	12·24	12·31	9·02	11·66	12·44
Loss or decay of teeth.. ..	10·28	18·75	24·16	26·34	25·29	20·02	26·70	49·26

In dealing with this table, Sir William says :—"Whether the increase in the rejections for bad teeth is an indication of increasing prevalence of physical unfitness is open to question; the increase may, partly at least, be due to the more common use of articles of food which readily undergo acid fermentation, and partly also to examining medical officers having gradually come to place a high value on soundness of teeth as a matter of the greatest importance in its relation to the maintenance of the physical efficiency of the soldier on service. The main inference to be drawn from a consideration of the figures in the table is that the bulk of the rejections arise from causes indicating the operation of agencies antagonistic to healthy physical development."

The "British Medical Journal," commenting on some of the foregoing, says :—"It does not seem to have struck many of those who have suddenly become interested in the question that the time of most vital importance in a human being's life is from its birth until the age of two. . . . Women who have to work early and late in factories, in laundries, or as charwomen, who perhaps work up to the very day of their child's birth, are likely to bring into the world puny, fretful, and unhealthy children. We may take it that little or nothing is known or thought about milk, and by the time the children of the poor are fed upon it—after it has passed through a score of stages, all contributing to its contamination—it is usually in a highly dangerous condition. We may also take it for granted that the majority of babies are imbibing, through filthy long-tubed bottles, the germs of gastro-intestinal disorders and, by being given milk deficient in fat and loaded with starchy food, predisposed to rickets, with its long train of complications. Even if such infants escape acute ailments, their digestions become so weakened by the sort of milk food they get that they are unable to resist sickness when it comes. Until a serious effort is made to improve the existing milk supply of the poor, and until women are taught the rudiments of hygiene and the proper feeding and management of their babies, there will be no radical cure. Ignorance is the people's enemy, and until their ignorance is dispelled by practical education the present state of deterioration will increase."

Photo., D. Bernard & Co., Montreal

A NEW SANDOW POSE (XXIII)

London Working Lads at Leisure.

THE London working lad's summer holiday, like his pocket-money, may be to him either a blessing or a curse. On handing over his week's wages to his mother, he receives a small sum "to do what he likes with." His use or abuse of this will have much to do with his future character. He may spend it on self-improvement or legitimate amusement, but unless he be looked after, it is more likely that he will either waste it or use it for betting, gambling, or other purposes which will degrade his morals, or he will purchase with it cheap cigarettes and sweets which will injure his health.

It is just so with his holiday. Leave him to himself, and the chances are that he will spend his hours of freedom in lying abnormally late abed, in loafing about street corners, in visiting music-halls, or in other ways that will unsettle instead of refresh him for his return to work, and will be detrimental instead of beneficial to his physical and moral health.

BEXHILL CAMP.

It is for the purpose of providing these lads with a holiday that is at once thoroughly enjoyable because well-organised, and healthy, both physically and morally, because well supervised, that the "Seaside Camp for London Working Boys" exists.

For 6*s.*, if under fifteen years of age, and 7*s.* 6*d.* if over, any respectable lad can obtain yearly, between his fourteenth and seventeenth birthdays, a week's holiday on the sea-shore—the railway fare being included in the charge.

The camp—which is at present pitched a mile and a half to the west of Bexhill-on-Sea—is almost entirely canvas. The tents in which the lads sleep are of special make, 62 ft. in circumference, and accommodate

A CAMP GROUP.

16 with perfect comfort. Meals are served in large marquees. After an early dip—which gives an astonishing appetite for breakfast!—the day is spent in whatever manner may best please this or that camper, as providing a complete change from his daily occupation in London.

Thus the young manual labourer, or the telegraph or district messenger, will prefer plenty of rest on the beach in intervals between frequent "dips," or a long quiet read at the books to be found in the camp library; on the other hand, the office boy or "junior clerk," and the lad from the cash desk and other sedentary occupations, will play cricket and football, will cycle, take long walks, disport himself on the "parallels," or go for a row or sail in the camp boat. Everyone to his taste, but at the same time everyone carefully supervised by the Commandant and the visitors who assist him—many of them men of University athletic fame. At dusk each evening a "sing-song" is organised, with the Commandant as chairman. From time to time sports are held, and trifling souvenirs of camp are given as prizes.

Can a more refreshing and invigorating holiday for youngsters be imagined? As to

how far it is appreciated by the boys, a glance at some of the letters from them received by the Secretary at 23, Northumberland Avenue, Charing Cross—or better still, a visit to the camp this month—will show conclusively.

How is it done at the price? By the benevolence of an ever charitable and long-suffering public, by whose kindness 20,800 lads have had such a holiday since the camp was founded in 1889, and without whose much-needed contributions many a tired little toiler must this year forego his seven days' sea-breezes.

A DIP IN THE BRINY.

A Walking Tour.

By PARK OSBORNE.

IT is freely predicted that this season will be remembered as the walking year, and the present evidences promise fair to justify the prediction. The question presents itself: Is this merely a passing craze, a fad that will have worn itself off before the end of the year? An answer is not readily forthcoming. No doubt some good will result. It is earnestly to be hoped, for the sake of our physical well-being, that the enthusiasm and spirit will be kept up; not so much for the sake of breaking records, or for the dubious honour of winning a medal, but for the pure love of walking and for the resulting benefits.

After all, spasmodic sprints for forty or fifty miles are not always to be encouraged. As a rule they do more harm than good. It is true they may test a man's staying powers, but the tax and strain are too much even for the best, and the effects are far from beneficial. Of course, I quite recognise that there are two distinct classes of walkers: the sportive and the recreative. The former goes through a prescribed course of training for the great event which is the climax; the latter goes through no course—he is always in training whenever the opportunity offers, and as a result he is always fit. In consequence, it goes without saying that the latter is the man who derives the full benefit from walking, and finds in it a cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to.

THE WEST HIGHLAND COAST.

ON THE BLACK ISLE, NEAR TARRADALE.

But it is apart from my present purpose to become discursive on the various merits or demerits of each. My sympathies lie with the

man who finds pleasure and recreation in walking, and it is to him in particular that the following suggestions are offered.

Last autumn, instead of rushing off to get frizzled on the Continent, I thought it might prove profitable to stay at home for a change and explore my own country. I had heard much talk about the increasing popularity of the wonderful scenery of the West Highlands of Scotland, and decided to spend my holiday there. The numerous show places are easily got at by the recognised tourist routes, but I have always had an aversion to going with the crowd. Half the pleasure in a holiday is to be at liberty to do just as you please; in getting away from the beaten track. There are places where you wish to linger awhile, and there are places where you wish to hurry on. Furthermore, there is much to be gained by mixing with the people and getting to know them. The only way to do this properly is to avoid the railways and steamboats so far as possible, walking over the ground instead.

In the first place, I was confronted with the fact that once I merged away from the tourist track I left behind me all the luxurious hotels. That, in itself, was no great misfortune. Away in the quaint old-world haunts I anticipated ample compensation and pleasure, even at the risk of having to rough it a bit. My only misgiving was a fear that I might not always be able to discover any lodging when the sun left me. It was obvious that the only safe way was to take my house with me, in the form of a portable tent, and thereby enjoy, to the full, the glorious freedom of out-door life. With that intent I got a pony—not to ride when I got tired, but to carry my equipment. Two panniers were strapped across his back. In one of them was stowed away the tent and sleeping bag; in the other camping gear, such as a portable "Primus" lamp, pot, pan, enamelled plates, etc., and food-stuffs. Thus equipped, I set out on what proved to be one of the happiest holidays I ever spent, and, incidentally, I may add, one of the cheapest.

After careful study of the Ordnance Survey Map I decided that the most interesting route was to go from Loch Lomond to Loch Maree. By this means I was enabled to combine the pleasing features of inland and coast scenery, and also to visit most places of note. A good road was shown all the way, yet in places it was found advisable, for one reason or another, to cut over the hills. The homeward journey was no less interesting, being mapped out through the centre of Scotland from Inverness to Loch Tay, thence through the Trossachs back to Loch Lomond. In all, a round of close upon five hundred miles.

THE TENT.

As to the method of going, I decided that it was best not to draw up a programme of hard and fast rules. In the first place, I

wanted to acquaint myself thoroughly with the country while I was in it; and in the second place, I had not been accustomed to more exercise than the average journalist, and was consequently soft. At the onset this proved a serious drawback. I experienced the usual aches and pains of bringing into use those muscles that have not been properly exercised. But to counteract this there was the invigorating breath of the pure hill-wind, and the encouragement in the beautiful prospect that spread away before me and was becoming more enchanting with every forward step. After a few days the disagreeable

DINNER—PEELING POTATOES.

symptoms left me, and walking became a real pleasure. I forgot that I had legs or feet save to carry me onward. My muscles became hard as flint, and I could go on for twenty or twenty-five miles each day of the week (Sundays excepted), and turn in at night feeling pleasantly tired and able to appreciate the luxury of a sleeping bag, and the soft turf underneath.

Unfortunately, there is a foolish prejudice against camping in some quarters. No doubt this is to be put down to ignorance and lack of experience. After long experience under canvas, extending over several seasons, some times with adverse weather conditions, I am driven to the conclusion that a properly equipped tent is the most comfortable summer quarters one could possibly choose. My contention is that it is the best possible way of breeding a hardy type of manhood—and womanhood, too, if you will; it is gratifying to note that the ladies are taking enthusiastically to camping. Of course, I readily admit that there are certain conditions that must be conformed to in order to be comfortable in a tent and to enjoy the full benefits.

To return to our subject. For the reason that I was an invalid recovering from an acute attack of appendicitis, I was strictly enjoined to pay careful attention to my condition on the tramp. Instead of losing weight, as was anticipated, I added thereto at the rate of a pound a week. Physically, I felt stronger and fitter than I had ever been, having conquered the appendicitis and the "cursed digestion." The novelty of this free-and-easy gypsy life, the constant change of scene, and the romance of getting away into those vast solitudes alone with nature, where the hum-drum world dare not intrude, was beneficial alike to mind and body.

To enjoy a walking holiday it is not necessary to go into the Highlands of Scotland unless you like. For my own part, I prefer the combination of camping and walking; but that is not always practicable. After all, there is something in the eccentricity of the famous author who merely slung a knapsack on his back, and set off, not knowing whither he might eventually land. There are interesting districts within easy reach of all our great cities where one might very profitably spend

a week or two on a walking tour. No preparation is necessary further than to consult a good map of the neighbourhood and to purchase a pair of substantial walking boots. This latter is very important, and it is advisable to walk them into shape before setting off on tramp.

Do not attempt to force the pace at first or spoil all the pleasure by trying to do too much in one day. Rather settle down to a steady jog and rest when you begin to feel tired. My experience was that it is best to set off early and do twelve or fourteen miles before lunch, then rest for two or three hours before completing the journey in the cool of the afternoon. Whenever possible I always contrived to get a cold bath during the halt; on these occasions I thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated the benefits, feeling as fit for the afternoon journey as though I had not already done the first half.

Food is a very necessary item *en route*. There is nothing like walking for whetting the appetite. I don't know that any particular stress may be laid on the subject, except to emphasise the advantages of good, plain, wholesome fare and plenty of it. Regularity is advisable though it is not always practicable. Obey the dictates of nature and eat when you feel hungry and have the opportunity of satisfying it. As a rule I found three meals a day ample; sometimes a fourth was added; on one or two occasions I was compelled to make shift on two.

A CHILDREN'S CLASS.

A HOT YANKEE SHIP.

By J. St. A. JEWELL.

Author of "For the Honour of Their Flag," "The Loss of the Minnie Burrows," "The Other Girl," etc.

THE BUCKO MATE.

'E's a man that's shipped for fighting', cos 'is fists are iron bound,
An', generally speakin', you 'll find 'is wind is sound.
'E's a dandy with a slungshot, an' you'd 'ave to travel far
Before you'd find 'is equal with a 'eavy capstan-bar.
An' it's
"Run, you son of a gun."

'Is voice is like an angry bull's—'e 'ardly ever smiles,
An' when 'e yells an order it'll carry fifteen miles.
'E mos'ly sails in "white-paint ships," where hours are long an' 'ard,
An' 'alf the crowd are carried in a fightin' "after-guard."
An' it's
"Hustle, limejuice sailors."

'E's got no use for Englishmen, 'e 'ates 'em every one,
Becos 'e cannot scare 'em with the slungshot, pin, or "gun."
Listen from the tugboat when 'e 'auls aboard 'is spring,
An' if 'e's fit you'll 'ear 'im shoutin' out this sort o' thing.

"Run, you son of a gun!
D'ye think you're 'ere for fun?
You lowdown limejuice sailors,
You're a lot o' blanky tailors.
Run, O cuss you, run."

DAN MARTIN was sorry he shipped in the *Carrie A. Limpus.* She was "white hot and still warming" when he was hustled aboard at Staten Island by Dago Kelly, the boarding master, and every one of her crew were made painfully aware of the fact before she had been out a week.

To a sailor, her scraped and varnished spars and spotless paintwork spelt misery, and her reputation was as dirty as she was clean.

Manan Spurling, master of her, only paid wages for the homeward-bound passage, for the men who took her on the outward trip always deserted at the first port she touched. Many of them carried mementoes of their trip in her, in the shape of bruises and scars, that called curses to their lips when they noticed them.

When Dan joined her he was deep in trouble. His wife had left him for a man who could give her the comforts she craved for, and he was hard hit. His little child he had left with a sister, and having made what

small provision he could for her, he had shipped out to New York at £2 10s. a month, and promptly deserted in order that he might get better wages.

Thoughts of home and his marriage kept him subdued for the first week out, and although he saw men knocked about daily during that time, he looked on with an air of indifference.

Neither of the mates had called him a foul name, for he was a big man and looked hard.

One night, however, at the wheel, the mate caught him a point off the course. "Is that the way you steer in 'limejuice' packets?" he asked. The word "limejuice" was used as a word of contempt, for the mate knew that Dan was an Englishman. Dan did not answer, but eased up a spoke or two and brought the vessel on her course again. The mate watched the compass for a minute or two and saw that she swung steady, and then walked for'ard, saying as he went, "The next time I catch her off, young fellow, I guess I'll twist you." Roner heard the soft little laugh that came from the wheel, and instantly turned and walked aft again. When he passed the corner of the house he saw Dan ostentatiously pull his sheath round on his hip, and knew perfectly well what the man meant. "I don't want any trouble with you, sir," said Dan, "but you'd better put that pin in the rail again." He had seen the mate draw the greenheart belaying pin from the rail and conceal it up his sleeve, and—that trick was old.

When he went below that night, he told his watchmates what had occurred. His pal, a little Austrian, said, "You'll have to keep your eyes open from this on, or Roner will put his mark on you before we get to Hong Kong."

Next day Dan had a nasty time. Roner sent him up to "grease down," and refused him a gasket for a footrope, saying, "a little shinning won't hurt you more'n anyone else, I guess." The watch looked on and expected trouble, for to send an A.B. up to "grease down" on a ship which carried boys and ordinary seamen, was about the biggest insult a mate could offer.

Dan felt it keenly. "In ships I've sailed in," he said, "boys do the greasing down."

"I want none of your damn chin music," said Roner; "you do as you are told and be smart about it."

Dan went aloft, grease-pot in hand, and by way of protest he climbed slowly. The indignity of the thing made him fume with rage, for it reflected on his capability as a sailor. The mate watched him from the poop, and when he saw Dan deliberately stop on the main top and pull out a plug of tobacco, he yelled, "Hustle up, you son of a gun!"

He dodged just in time to avoid the grease-pot as it whizzed by his head. When he looked round again, he saw Dan coming down the rigging two ratlines at a time.

Just then, Spurling came on deck. "What's all this mess about?" he asked, pointing to the grease on the holystoned deck and the battered grease-pot.

When Roner was explaining, Dan stepped on the poop. When in a temper, his lower jaw seemed to slide forward, giving him a very hard ugly look, and the jaw was very forward now. He also had something to explain, so he walked up to the skipper and asked, hotly, "D'you allow your mates to call a man out of his name for nothing?"

Spurling was astounded at any man having the cheek to mount his poop and use that tone, and was about to say something when Dan interrupted and went on. "Last night, he (pointing to Roner) threatened to lick me, and when I didn't 'show water,' he tried to 'lay me out' with a pin. I stopped that game for him, and to-day he starts hazing me out o' pure damn spite." Then Dan turned to Roner, with chin far out, and said, "You big, long, dirty 'Herring Back,' I'd lick you

in fair fight with one hand lashed behind me."

"Gee whiz! this is great," ejaculated Spurling. "You come on my poop and 'low you'll lick my mate—you King Edward hoodoo? Get for'ard out o' this."

Dan looked doggedly at the two for a moment, and then walked off the poop.

He knew perfectly well that from that time on they would do their best to make his life a hell for him, and the prospect was not cheering. He had sailed in American ships before, and was acquainted with the methods American officers adopted to make their men submissive. Sooner or later it would be a case of brute force, and he made up his mind that when the time came to have first hit.

After the watch had gone below, he received their expressed admiration in five different languages. "He's scared of you, Dan; he won't touch you," they said.

Then they told one another what they would do to the "afterguard" if it came to a general shindy, but their big talk did not impress Dan, who knew that they would never stick together. Then the old "whale" of the ship told them all what he would have done "if he'd been ten years younger." "When I was in the ol' *Nebraska*," he began, "I licked 'em stiff from skipper to cook. Why, old as I am,—in my las' ship—single 'anded, mind you. . . . . ."

"Shut up," said Dan, "with you an' your las' ship—you darned old croaker. You were never worth your hash in the best o' times." The old man subsided, for Dan's chin was out again—the talk had made him sick.

"I wonder what they'd do if they saw me 'double-banked,'" he thought. Then he swore, for he knew he was in all probability a man apart.

The only man he turned to was the Austrian—a small, hard, and grizzled chap from Fiume. "They'd be a sweet-scented lot if it came to trouble, Charlie, eh?" he observed.

The two men sat on Dan's chest long after eight bells had struck, and talked. During the conversation they smoked their pipes thoughtfully, as men handling a weighty matter, and, before they turned in, they planned out a beautiful scheme of intimidation. It was so perfect in its simplicity, and promised to be so demoralising in its effect, that the two men laughed softly at the thought of it, and Dan looked at the future with confidence.

Before getting in his bunk he gave the Austrian a piece of flat stone, a little smaller than a playing card, and as he passed it he said, "Good luck to you darlin'."

Next morning the mate had them both aft making a new pair of main sheets. As he hovered round them ready and anxious to find fault, both men pulled out of their pockets small pieces of Wachita stone and started sharpening their knives. When doing so they both faced Roner, and passed remarks to one another. "My knife's like a bloomin' razor, Charlie; how's yours?" The Austrian did not answer, but slid his thumb along the edge of the blade of his own knife in a critical way. Then he picked out a single fibre from a Manilla ropeyarn, and taking hold of one end between finger and thumb, let it hang up and down. When it was fairly steady, he chopped it in two with a short, sharp sweep of his knife, saying as he did so, "Mine is pretty sharp, too."

Roner watched this little bit of play without saying a word, and went for'ard quietly when the men started working again.

That same evening in the dog-watch, Spurling said to Roner, "I guess we'll git that Britisher aft some time, an' hammer him a piece. He's a bit too brocky to kick like the rest of 'em—but I guess we'll tame him all right." He sucked the ends of his long, sparse moustache in joyous anticipation, for he owed Dan one for the way in which he had spoken about the grease-pot episode.

Often and often had he got a man aft, and with the help of his two mates, half-killed him. To him it was a legitimate part of the taming process that is often practised on American ships, and he had no scruples when it came to making a crew submissive.

Roner was inclined to think that Dan would prove more than an ordinary handful, but he didn't like to say so. Although he was not exactly afraid of him, he did not relish the job of having to tackle him.

When Dan was steering that night he seemed very suspicious, for he would not hold the wheel when Roner walked right aft. He turned round and pulled out the Wachita stone and started to sharpen his knife again.

I can't steer with you behind me, sir," he said.

For the first time in his life, Roner hadn't a curse ready. He walked for'ard feeling rather queer, for the knife sharpening had been getting on his nerves ever since morning.

He had a sort of vague feeling of fear that was new to him, and he didn't like it. From that time on, when he wanted to know what the ship was heading, he asked from the weather rail, and did not go in front of the wheel and watch the compass for five minutes at a time as he had been in the habit of doing.

He left the "Britisher" strictly alone, and vented his superfluous energy on the Dutchmen.

One afternoon he threatened to lick Charlie for letting fall a few drops of paint from aloft on to the lee boat.

As he was looking aloft and cursing, he heard close behind him a soft s-s-s-s-sing sound that made him turn round sharply. He saw Dan rubbing his long-bladed sheath knife on stone and felt sick. "Go on with your painting," he said thickly, but he looked on the deck as he spoke.

In the six to eight dog-watch that night he grew desperate. A keen bladed sheath knife and a small flat piece of Wachita stone seemed constantly before his eyes. If he walked aft, they dangled before him; if he went for'ard, they were on either side of him. He wiped the sweat off his forehead, cursing as he did so.

When he went below he closed his room window for fear that as he slept a long arm with a knife at the end of it might enter. To take his thoughts away from it at night he kept the men sweating up sheets, braces, and tacks all the watch.

He noticed that Dan and Charlie never turned their backs to either him or the bo'sun for a minute, so he knocked off carrying the slungshot up the sleeve of his jacket.

The sight of the two men working together made him savage. Every day he knocked about one or other of his watch, but always when Dan and Charlie were out of the way.

A young Swede, an ordinary seaman, seemed to be his particular object of spite. Every night he had the boy sitting astride the spanker boom—"riding the grey mare" it is called—for four hours at a stretch, and when the lad would slouch off the poop with aching limbs, it was to the accompaniment of kicks and curses.

Once the boy, goaded to desperation, turned and showed fight. He whipped out his knife and rushed at the mate in the clumsy way that is peculiar to Dutchmen. Roner twisted his wrist so that he dropped the weapon, and then, tucking the lad's head under his arm, pummelled his face to pulp in three minutes.

The boy was carried for'ard by his watchmates, insensible. His jaw was broken in two places, and when the mate was told of it he simply said, "Serve the young sucker right."

That night a marlingspike whizzed by Roner's head, point foremost. "If I catch that man," he yelled for'ard, "I'll fill him with lead," and he went below and brought up his revolver, which he carried for the rest of the watch.

Intuitively Roner put the marlingspike down to Dan, and he tried to pluck up heart and tackle him. But even as he thought of it he saw the knives being sharpened again and his heart went down to his boots.

Roner was like a great many more bullies of his type. Although he was not an absolute coward when he met his match, he had a most decided objection to being punished himself.

He would have tackled Dan but for the fact that he knew that if one of the big Britisher's fists got home on his head he would probably feel it badly. His objection to physical pain was greater than his desire to

BOTH MEN STARTED SHARPENING THEIR KNIVES.

lick Dan, so he decided to employ other means of getting even.

When the second mate came on deck at eight bells he threw out unmistakable hints—hints that the professional reputation of Mattson would not let pass unnoticed.

"I'll lick him for you," said Mattson confidently, for he felt secure in his own size and weight. He stood six feet one in his stocking feet, weighed fourteen stone, and hadn't an ounce of fat on him. "You leave it to me," he said, "I'll fix him when you go to dinner to-morrow. I'll send all the rest of 'em up aloft, or get 'em out o' the way somehow or other. Then he can go down the after hatch for a couple o' cases o' oil, an' I'll interview him with a pin up my sleeve. Savey?"

Roner went below feeling quite happy. He almost felt secure again, and opened his window for the first time in a month that night. He promised himself a beautiful time on the morrow, and the thought made him sleep sound. Unfortunately for his peace of mind, Charlie passed on the lee side of the poop when he and Mattson were talking, and heard every word of the conversation.

When he was relieved from the wheel he retailed that conversation for Dan's special edification, and the two of them laughed as if it was a huge joke.

The second mate was in the habit of leaving the poop three or four times a watch to see that the man on the look-out was moving about, and during one of his visits for'ard, Dan crept aft and slipped an old sheath knife through the mate's window, knowing very well that it would be the first thing Roner would probably see on waking.

It fell on the blanket softly, and Roner slept on. When the carpenter called him about four minutes before eight bells he woke up and jumped out of his bunk. The movement flicked out the knife, which fell on the deck. When he looked to see what had caused the noise he felt sick and half throttled, and went to relieve the second mate with knees shaking. The intimidation scheme was working grand.

"What's the matter with you, Mr. Roner?" asked Mattson. "It's only a touch of ague," said Roner, as he walked aft.

"I guess 'e don't feel very good," said Charlie to Dan, when they were talking of the mate. "He don't feel as sick as the second mate will feel a little after noon to-morrow," observed Dan. "I'll go right aft against the lazarette bulk-head, and when he comes down I'll give him this across the skull as hard as I can put it there," and he drew from his jumper a flat-edged knuckle duster, which he handled lovingly.

Next morning, at eight bells, when Roner had gone in to dinner, Mattson, the big second mate, sent six of the eight men for'ard to get up the cables, so that the chain lockers could be cleaned out and whitewashed. The seventh man he sent aloft to put fresh chafing gear on the horns of the fore topmast cross-trees, while Dan was given a sailmaking job on the poop.

When the work was started, Mattson came aft and said to Dan, "Lend me a hand to unship one of the after-hatches, Martin." When the hatch was lifted off, he said, "Go down below and break out two cases of oil, and I'll lend you a hand to get 'em up on deck."

Dan hitched up a hole in his belt and went below, feeling very determined and absolutely merciless. He stood close to the ladder, under the shadow of a coiled hawser, with his knuckle-duster in his hand and waited. In a few minutes he heard the second mate clambering over the hatch combing, and he felt perfectly fit for the trouble which was about to start.

Mattson was brazen about his mission, for he carried a belaying pin in his right hand.

When he reached the 'tween decks, he shaded his eyes with his left hand, as every man does coming from the bright light of the deck to the semi-darkness of the hold

For the moment he could see nothing, and he stretched the pin in front of him to feel for a staunchion. Dan saw every movement perfectly, for he had been down some minutes, and was used to the light.

When he saw Mattson trying to pierce the darkness, he stepped from behind the hawser quietly, and struck him with a sweeping downward blow that opened the scalp from the crown of the head to the nape of the neck.

The second mate gave a sort of little gasp and fell in a heap on the deck, bleeding like a pig.

Dan took no more notice of him, but broke out the two cases of oil, and got them on deck. Just at that moment the mate came out of the cabin.

He turned colour when he saw Dan, and asked in a strained voice, "Where's the second mate?"

"Down there," said Dan, pointing to the hold, "with his head split from clew to earring." "As for you" (he squared up to Roner as he spoke), "you son of a gun—you can have some, too."

Then out of the charthouse, came Spurling, drunk and quarrelsome. He took a small capstan bar out of the after rack and chased Dan off the poop, cursing like a madman.

His temper didn't improve when Mattson was brought on deck, with a dirty white face, and his black curly hair clotted all over with blood.

Dan wasn't wanted on the poop after that. "He's a dangerous man," said Spurling.

Some time after came an afternoon when the port foc'sle felt uneasy. Oscar, the young Swede, who had been so badly hammered by Roner, got delirious. He had to be fed by forcing tinned milk and tapioca through a pipe stem bored bigger. When the steward told Roner how weak the lad was, he grew afraid. Even to his dull conscience the thought of murder was not pleasant, and he feared what might be said about it at Hong Kong if . . .!

"I'll go and see him, steward," he said. When he went into the foc'sle, it was with his usual swagger. He dropped it immediately, however, for ugly looks met him, and he knew it would not do to provoke a row in there. After all, the fo'csle was sacred to the men, no matter how "hot" the ship might be.

He leaned on the bunk board and looked with mixed feelings on the young face he had so cruelly disfigured.

"Nice job you've made of him, haven't you"! said Dan. Then the lad crooned something in Swedish in his delirium. The voice came weak and shaky, and he gasped when the crooning ceased.

"You'd better get out o' this," said Dan, for the sight sickened him to the core. He felt like murdering Roner in cold blood, and when he spoke the desire was gaining strength. The hypocrisy of the mate was so apparent, for Dan knew it was thoughts of his own neck that brought Roner for'ard.

He looked at Dan for a moment, and walked quietly aft to the poop rail and gazed into the water. A little later he laughed. "I'm losing nerve," he thought. "Why should I feel scared just because that young squarehead looks sick?"

He walked up and down the poop telling himself that it would be all right, but the telling carried no conviction with it. Then the thought of having committed murder dinned itself into him, and he seemed to see Oscar before him, dead, with a piece of Wachita stone in one hand, and a long-bladed sheath knife in the other.

Then his thoughts went to Mattson, who was groaning down below, with the pain of a split head.

He went into his room and took a stiff glass of spirit to brace himself together, and as he went on deck again he asked the steward to make Oscar as comfortable as possible.

He got easier a fortnight later, when the

boy had so far improved as to be able to come on deck and sit on the fore hatch with his head in bandages.

The sight helped to lift off the uncomfortable load he had felt since the night he visited the foc'sle.

He regained some of his old jauntiness, and hammered a young Frenchman at the wheel just to keep his hand in.

As he regained his peace of mind, his hate for the man who seemed to bluff him at every turn grew. He spent hours telling himself what he would do to Dan if ever he got the chance. When Mattson came on deck again with all sorts of threats, Roner started hazing his watch night and day. He made them sick and sore with constant pulling and "work up" jobs till they loathed the very sight of him.

Even on Sundays he kept them working best part of the day, and noticed with a keen sense of satisfaction that Dan and Charlie were accepting the new *régime* without visible protest. Neither had they tried the knife-sharpening trick for some little time, and he construed this into a tacit acknowledgment of submission.

Spurling invented a new species of torture, which he practised on the Dutchmen when more or less drunk. He had a ten-foot plank, on one end of which was painted a six-inch circle, with a daub of paint for a centre. This he had placed against the rail, one end resting on the deck; then he made a man start holystoning at the foot of the plank, whilst he practised with his revolver at the target.

Sometimes he would fire three or four feet below the circle, with the result that the man beneath would suffer the most excruciating mental torture. Roner would look on, and when a particularly low shot was made, would say, "Look out, sir, we can't afford to lose a man;" at which both would laugh.

When a man had undergone this ordeal in his watch on deck, he came below absolutely demoralised and cowed. They got as frightened as a flock of sheep in the course of a few weeks, and blood fell on the *Carrie A. Limpus's* deck every day in consequence.

One afternoon Spurling tried to make Dan work under his target, and got a flat refusal. "You can buck your 'squareheads' as you like," said Dan, "but don't you think you can buck a Britisher the same way. I'm not scared of your 'gun' a damn bit, Cap'n," and he walked up to Spurling quietly, and without fear, although the revolver barrel was pointed towards him.

Spurling was too drunk to do anything but curse, which he did as he rolled aft to his bottle again.

In due course of time Mattson got well and took his watch once more.

He was always on the look-out for a chance to get even with Dan, only the chance never seemed to come. Dan apparently had eyes all over him, and his back was never turned on an officer for a minute.

"I know darn well," he told Charlie, "that they'll 'lay me out' if they ever get a chance, so I'll take good care they won't get one. I've got through two months of it, and I think I can get through another, anyhow. By then we shan't be far off Hong Kong, and I'll clear the same 's the rest of 'em."

Then he looked serious for a moment, for clearing out meant three months' pay to the bad, less the "advance," which had been small.

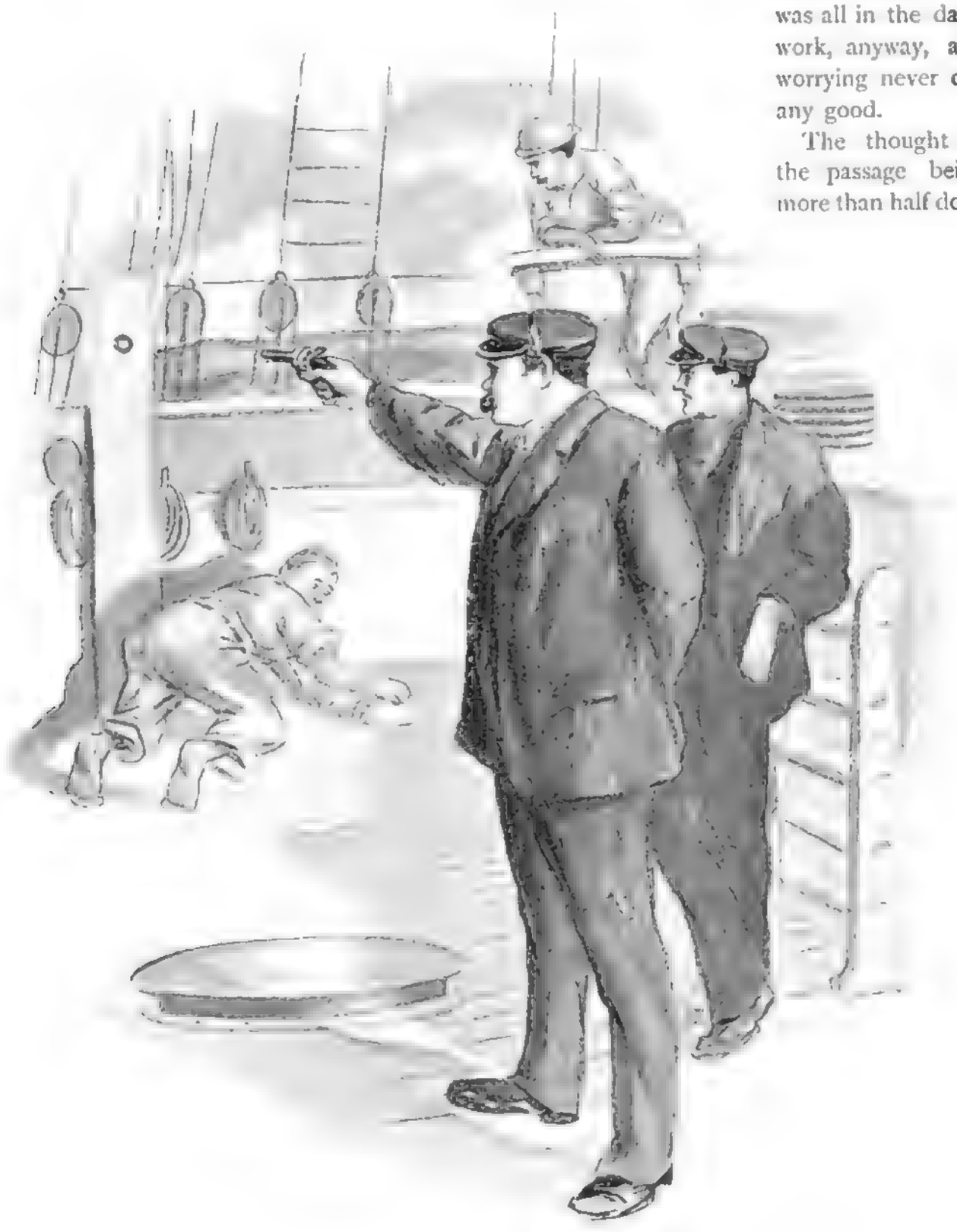
"My sister's keeping my little kid," he explained to the Austrian, "an' she hasn't got but barely enough to keep herself without my half-pay."

Then he fell to cursing Dago Kelly for shipping him in an American ship. "I was drunk when I signed, I was drunk when I came aboard, and I didn't know anything till I found myself here," he said, as if to himself.

"Who wouldn't sell a farm an' go to sea, Charlie, eh?"

He cut a pipe of tobacco from his plug and filled his Irish clay. After all, what was three months in a "hot" ship? It was all in the day's work, anyway, and worrying never did any good.

The thought of the passage being more than half done



HE MADE A MAN START HOLYSTONING AT THE FOOT OF THE PLANK, WHILST HE PRACTISED WITH THE REVOLVER.

cheered him, and he got more jovial in the dog-watches, and less suspicious. Roner made a point of being civil to him, and gave him most of the "sailorising" jobs that had to be done, and this made him think that things would go on quietly to the end of the passage. "Then," he told Charlie again, "I'll clear out and get in a good old 'lime-juicer' once more, where I'll get me watch an' watch, and p'raps a little more'n me 'pound an' pint.'"

One afternoon he was working on the mainhatch, putting in a cloth in the old main upper topsail, and otherwise repairing the sail. The sun was shining brightly and a nice breeze was blowing. He felt almost contented, for it was good to be there with the palm and needle, working honestly though sitting to it. The rest of the watch were holystoning for'ard of the house, and he was by himself.

As he drew the cotton twine over the big lump of wax, he thought that after all a good sailor was appreciated even aboard a "red-hot" Yankee ship; had it not been so he would have been with his watchmates on his knees, with a twenty-eight pound "bible" of a holystone which he would have had to move to and fro over the pine planks for four hours at a stretch.

Roner and Mattson were talking in the companion way. Roner had left his watch to the tender mercies of the bucko bosun, who was playing at slave-driving with the men in the absence of his chief.

They could hear the snarly voice urging and cursing the watch, and now and then the swish of water as the bosun washed off the holystone pulp to see if the planks were thoroughly clean.

The two men aft were talking together earnestly. "Go for'ard and tell him to go into your room for something or other," Mattson was saying. "If he goes, I'll turn the key on him, and if you an' I can't tame him between us, I'll sing Gawd Save the King."

Roner did not answer for a while. The thought of "putting a head" on the "Britisher" was very sweet to him, but he knew that Dan was a dangerous man when in a corner. But when he looked at Mattson, and saw the hungry look in the man's face, he got heart, for that look boded ill for Dan.

When he turned over the suggestion in his mind, he thought that, after all, two such men as he and the second mate were capable of hammering any man, however big and strong he might be.

"All right," he said; "see that you keep out of the way. He might begin to think that something was on if he saw you hanging round."

The second mate went into the steward's room, for its windows faced for'ard, and he could see how the plan worked. Roner went leisurely to the main hatch and said, almost pleasantly, "How're you goin' on, Martin?" Dan was at that moment roping the foot of the sail. He was surprised at the tone of the mate's voice—it reminded him of easier days in other ships.

"I think I'll have her finished by next watch," he answered.

Roner watched him for a minute or two, and then took up the seaming palm and started sewing.

A few minutes later, Dan had finished the roping, and stood before the mate idly, to show that he was ready to go on with the seams.

"Haven't you got another palm, Martin?" asked the mate, who was apparently deeply interested with his occupation.

"That's the only seaming palm I've got, sir," said Dan, indicating the one which Roner was using.

"Go into my room," said Roner, without looking up, "an' you'll find two in the left-hand top drawer, an' bring another piece of wax as well. I want this sail ready for bending by eight bells."

It was all so natural, and Roner spoke in

such a decent way, that no suspicion crossed Dan's mind. He had thought for a week or two that Roner bore him no ill-will for the earlier part of the passage, and was inclined to look upon him only as a rather quarrelsome man who was fond of bullying when he had the chance.

He tilted his Boston cap on the back of his head and walked on to the poop. Out of the corner of his eye Roner watched him go down the companion, and then, dropping palm and needle, stood in front of the main-mast.

In less than thirty seconds, which seemed more than five minutes to him, the second mate came up the companion, and beckoned him aft. "I've got 'im," he laughed.

"I'll be aft in a minute," said Roner, hurriedly. Then he went for'ard to the bo'sun and whispered—"Keep the men for'ard, and don't be surprised if you hear any yelling. I'm going to hammer that damned Englishman." He spoke with an air of pride, for he knew that the bo'sun had big respect for Dan's physical capabilities.

He rolled up his sleeves as he walked aft, and his face beamed with joy. In his own mind he decided that Mattson should go in the room first and grapple with Dan, and he would then sail in and wipe up the pieces, so to speak.

When he got to the cabin Mattson was waiting for him with a slungshot in his hand. "In you go," said the mate, jauntily.

Mattson grasped the door handle with one hand, and was about to turn the key, when Dan's voice was heard.

"If you open that door and try to make trouble, you'll be sorry for it." The voice was very snarly. They heard him again. "You forgot to stow away your shooter—Roner—you big, long, white-livered, New Brunswick coward. As for you, Mr. Mattson—I know you're there, too—I'll plug you on sight."

They heard the sharp, penetrating click of a revolver being cocked, and Roner cursed.

Mattson, however, was ingenious. "The window is open," he whispered. "I'll jab him with a capstan bar through it. Open the door and grab him as soon as you hear the yell."

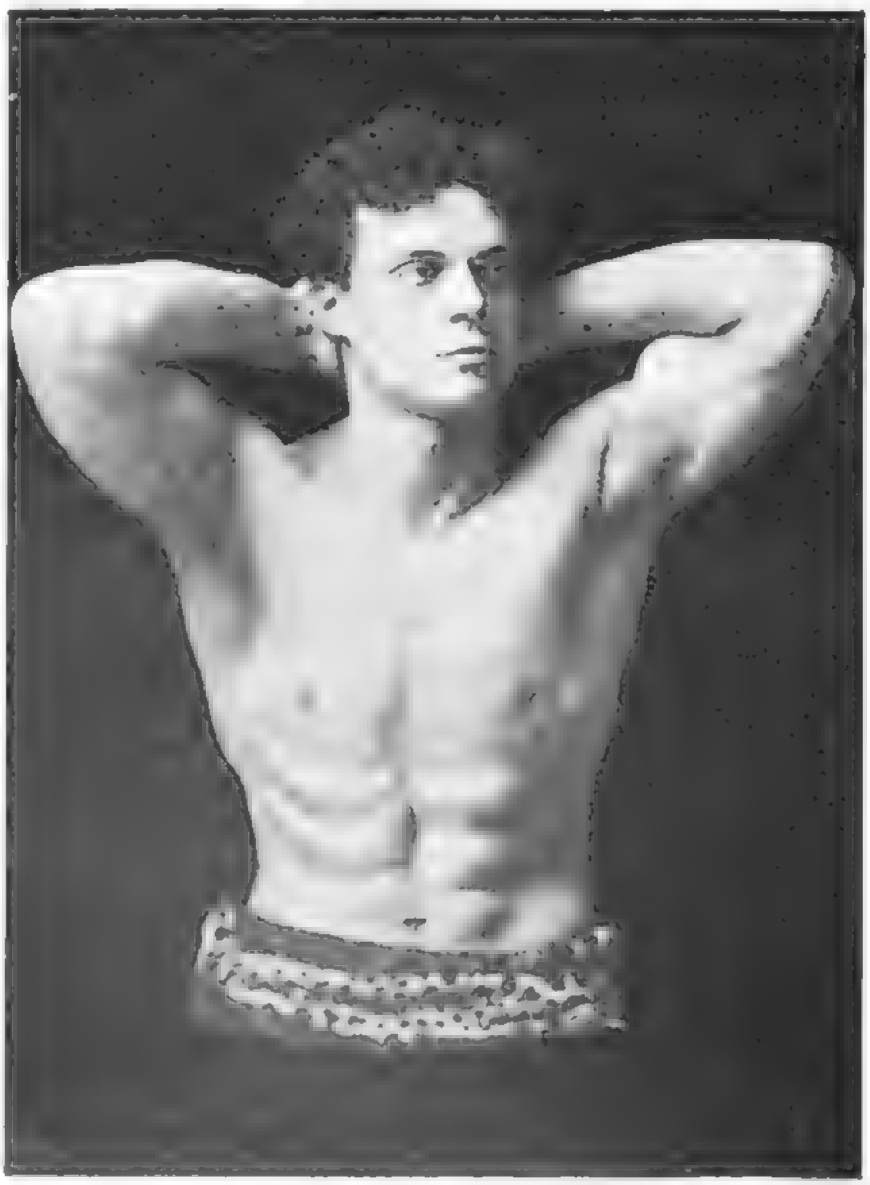
Mattson pulled off his boots in order that the noise of his movements would be deadened, and went on deck.

He crept quietly round the corner of the house, and peeping in at the window, saw Dan facing the door with the mate's revolver in his hand. Leaving the poop quietly, he got a large bar from under the skids, and returned to the window once more. He fired the weapon, butt foremost, and it hit Dan in the nape of the neck. He collapsed on the deck with a groan, like a man shot, and as he fell the revolver went off and the bullet ploughed a hole in the wardrobe door.

(*To be concluded.*)

A Great Hand Equilibrist.

THE subject of our illustration, Francis Vaughan, of "Vaughan and Rudolfe," is a great example of systematic training, and, although only twenty-two years of age, has already made his mark in the world of athletics. The chief factor in his fine development was the Sandow System, which he assiduously practised for over four years, since when he has applied his great strength to the art of hand-balancing of the herculean order, at which particular branch he is probably without an equal. Space will not permit of a detailed description of his feats, but the mention of walking up and down three flights of stairs on the hands; balancing on one hand on the back of one chair on a pedestal, ten feet high, with one hundred pounds in the teeth and a lighted lamp on the head, convey some impression of the strength and skill reqired, especially when his weight of thirteen stone is considered. In conclusion it may be said that physical culture is for the many, but balancing as here described is for the few, requiring as it does prodigious strength in the arms, and even then can only be accomplished after years of practice.



FRANCIS VAUGHAN.

Physical Education in India.

IN the April number of SANDOW'S MAGAZINE I gave a brief account of what has been done in the schools and colleges of the Central Provinces for the encouragement of Physical Education as it is understood in Europe; but centuries before the advent of European gymnastics, a native indigenous system, called "Kasrut," was practised all over India—and, indeed, is still in vogue. The use of India clubs, or "Mughdas," as they are called in the vernacular, was introduced into this country from India. The accompanying photograph shows the pupils of a Central Provinces High School engaged in "Kasrut."

One interesting fact noticed by the writer, when examining lads in both European and native gymnastics, was that amongst Hindus the boys belonging to the higher castes, who are strict vegetarians, invariably excelled those of the lower, or flesh-eating castes. On the other hand, I often found good gymnasts among the Mussulman pupils.

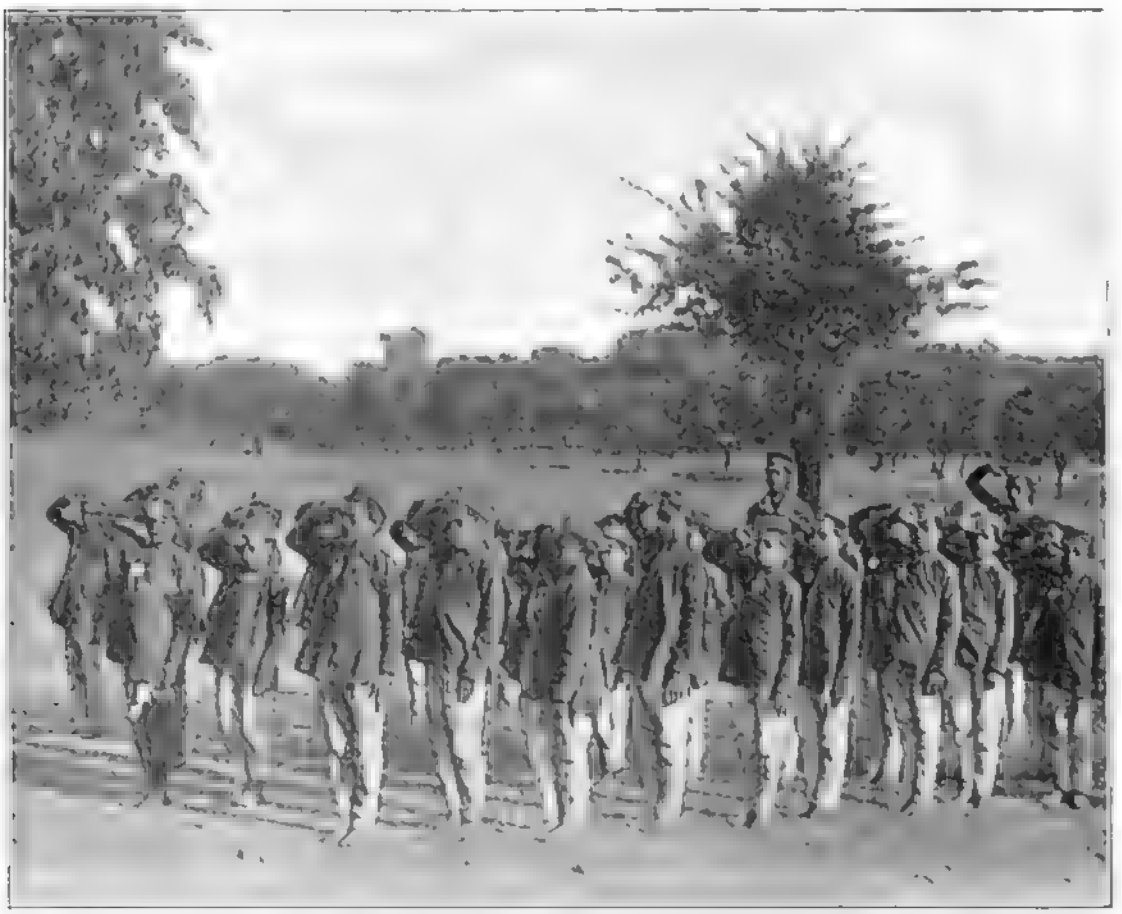
CENTRAL PROVINCES HIGH SCHOOL PUPILS ENGAGED IN "KASRUT."

The Educational Department of the Central Provinces has not only introduced Physical Training into all its schools and

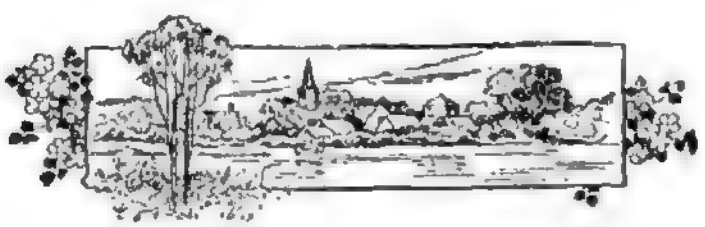
colleges, but a system of school drill is also taught.

The annexed photograph shows the pupils of a village school, dressed in a simple uniform supplied by the school "Panch" or Committee, and only used on great occasions, such as the yearly inspection of the school or the visit of a high official.

J. ELLIOTT.



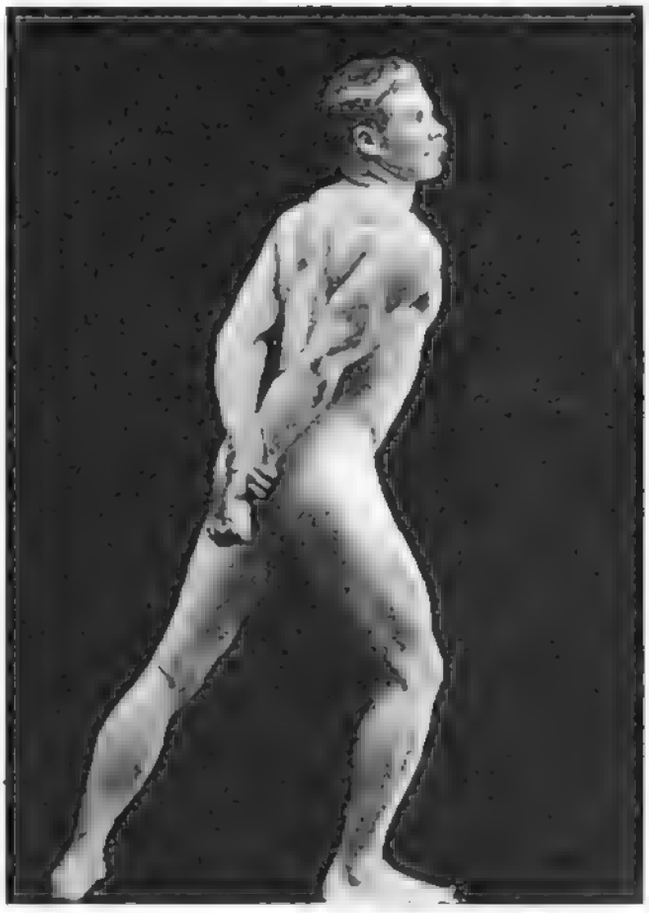
A CENTRAL PROVINCES VILLAGE SCHOOL INSPECTION.



A Sprinter and the Sandow System.

L. F. TREMEER.

NEXT to the American "flier," A. F. Duffey, the fastest sprinter of the present day is L. F. Tremeer, who, since 1897, has been quite in the front rank at any distance from one to three hundred yards, whilst he is also good for a couple of furlongs. Tremeer, who is a member of the Polytechnic Harriers, the London A.C., and also the West End Rowing Association, is as fine an example of a typical athlete as one could wish to see, and he attributes the major portion of his success to his present system of training. In 1901 he came to the conclusion that the principle of training only the muscles employed in running was wrong, and that to succeed thoroughly one must perfect the whole muscular system; so he set about putting this theory into practice. He went through a course of physical culture at Sandow's Tottenham Court Road School, and the results exceeded his most sanguine expectations, for last year he proved to be the most successful athlete in the country, winning no fewer than fourteen first prizes, twelve seconds, three thirds, and one fourth prize. Whilst many were of the opinion that a course of physical culture would tend to make him slower, Tremeer asserts that it has had a decidedly opposite effect, for he is now running faster than ever, and, in addition, has secured increased stamina. He considers the finest race he ever ran was at Birmingham, on July 13th, last year, when in the 300 yards scratch race he beat the 440 yards English Champion, S. W. White, by two feet, after being headed seventy yards from the tape. He avers he could not have run such a race but for the extra stamina he had obtained through systematic exercise. Questioned on the point, Tremeer expressed the opinion that the Sandow System of breathing, and the light



L. F. TREMEER.

dumb-bell and developer exercises for athletes cannot be excelled. Certainly, he is as fine an example as one could wish. Since taking up the Sandow System, Tremeer has been able to add to his athletic capabilities considerably, and last year went in for hurdling and long jumping with success, winning the 300 yards Hurdle Championship of Essex, at Chelmsford, the L.A.C. 120 yards Challenge Cup, and also the Inter-Polytechnic Championship. He is able to include amongst his many valuable prizes, the aggregate value of which is something like £300, the Payne Challenge Bowl, having made it his own property by winning the Polytechnic Championship four times. Tremeer is also a strong swimmer and this accomplishment has enabled him to save the lives of two persons, whilst recently his sprinting abilities were the means of his stopping a pair of runaway horses in Hanover Square, and so preventing what might have been a very bad accident.

L. F. TREMEER AND SOME OF HIS PRIZES.

Hints on Sea Bathing.

By ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR (*Vice-President of the Life-Saving Society*).

"And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear.
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here."

—*Childe Harold.*

A HEALTHY, hardy race are our sea swimmers, especially those who woo the mighty ocean all the year round. To them there is nothing to compare with the delights of a dip in the briny or the sensations produced by the throwing of the body hither and thither by the breakers which beat on our coasts. The sea is truly the swimmer's paradise and they who love it not are to be pitied. Nothing is more delightful than a dip in the tumbling sea on a sparkling summer's morning or a dive from a boat a mile or two out in the laze of the afternoon. The early morning swim is invigorating, that of the afternoon soothing, and the swimmer who neglects his opportunities of participating in these enjoyments is lacking in appreciation of the art he has acquired. Of course, sea bathing can be overdone—so can everything else—but properly indulged in it is wonderfully beneficial and a tonic not to despised.

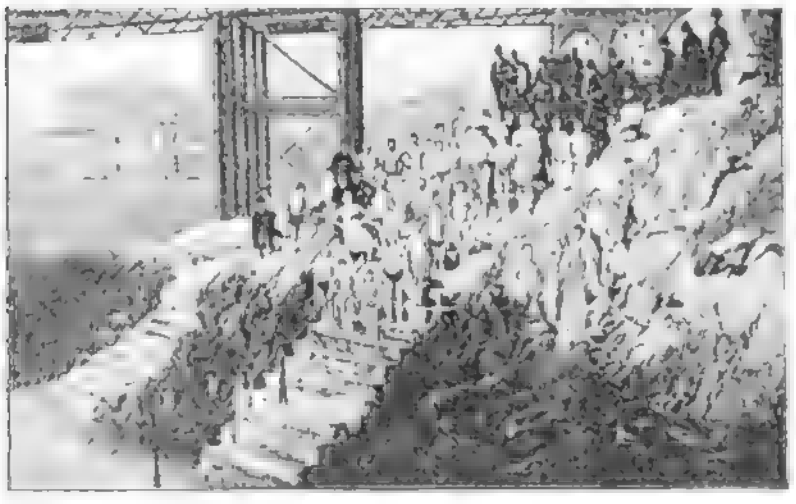
Those who bathe in the sea all the year round sometimes find it as warm in March as in June, while, on the other hand, the temperature of the water at the end of July has been found lower than that of October, though in June it was warm. These deviations, therefore, make it difficult to suggest the best month to start sea bathing, but if the person be in ordinary health no danger should arise from starting in June or even earlier. Once the start be made, not a day should be missed without having a dip, though the duration of the stay in the water may be curtailed if it be at all cold.

In the early months of the year a dive in and a few strokes should be sufficient, but with the advent of warmer weather a stay of half an hour should not hurt one whose physical condition is unimpaired. The best way, when once a start has been made, is to keep it up every day until the overnight frosts make it too cold in the morning to undress in the open. A swimmer can then take to his cold tub at home until the return of spring, when the open sea will draw him as a magnet.

It is a common belief that it is impossible to catch a cold from sea bathing, but how this idea originated I am at a loss to conjecture. The idea is absurd and its promulgation as a fact is harmful to the younger generation, who are tempted to take all sorts of liberties in the belief that they are immune from risk to health.

With ordinary care and the maintenance of that great factor in human life, "presence of mind," there should be no real danger of drowning when indulging in ordinary sea bathing and swimming. The good swimmer, of course, likes to dive into deep water at once and revels in the sea when it is at all rough, but those who are not fairly good swimmers have to beware of the vagaries of

tides and currents which may place them in danger before they realise their position. But no set rules can be given, for the conditions vary so greatly. What would be applicable at one part of the coast would be positively dangerous at another spot. Swimmers ordinarily resident in inland towns and who know not the set of the currents off the beach of the particular town or village they elect to spend their holiday at, should consult the captain of the local swimming club, or the best swimmer in the town, if no club be in existence. The individual can be discovered by enquiry on the beach, while the club captain or secretary's address can be ascertained by sending a reply post card, before you start, to Mr. William Henry, the hon. secretary of the Life-Saving Society, 8, Bayley Street, Bedford Square, W.C., who will also send you for a shilling the handbook of the Society, which contains many useful hints on bathing and swimming, and also the best methods of dealing with yourself and others in time of danger, or if you care to communicate with me through the medium of SANDOW'S MAGAZINE, I shall be pleased at all times to give you the benefit of my experience.

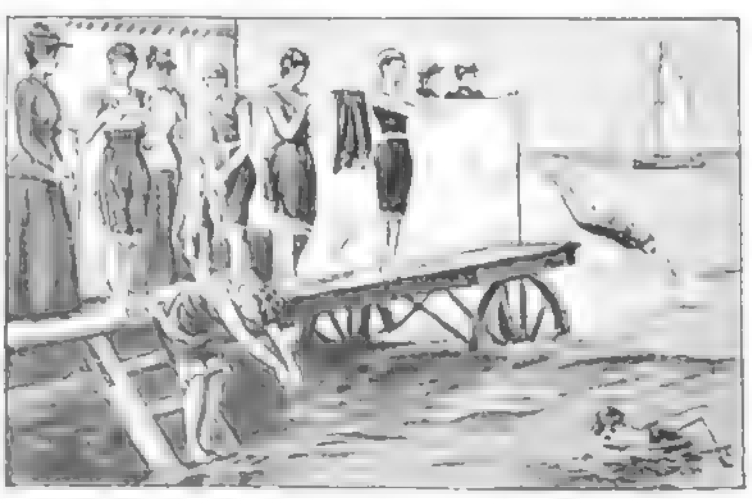


BATHERS UNDER THE HOE, PLYMOUTH—CHRISTMAS MORNING.

From the Badminton volume on Swimming.

One of the greatest dangers of sea swimming is cramp, that bane of all swimmers, but more particularly of those who plunge into open water. For this curse a knowledge of scientific swimming and floating is useful, for the swimmer, after calling for help, will be able to keep himself afloat while chafing the affected limb or trying to straighten it. Personally, I think every swimmer, no matter how able he may be, should always be accompanied by a boat when swimming out a mile or so from land; but many laugh at the suggestion, forgetting that a treacherous current or a bad attack of cramp might land them in a difficulty from which it would be hard to extricate oneself.

Motionless floating in the open sea is a luxury, but, as I have just pointed out, it has a very useful side, inasmuch as it enables a swimmer to deal at once with an attack of cramp. Theoretically, it is possible for every one to float, but there are many good swimmers who, try as they will, cannot place



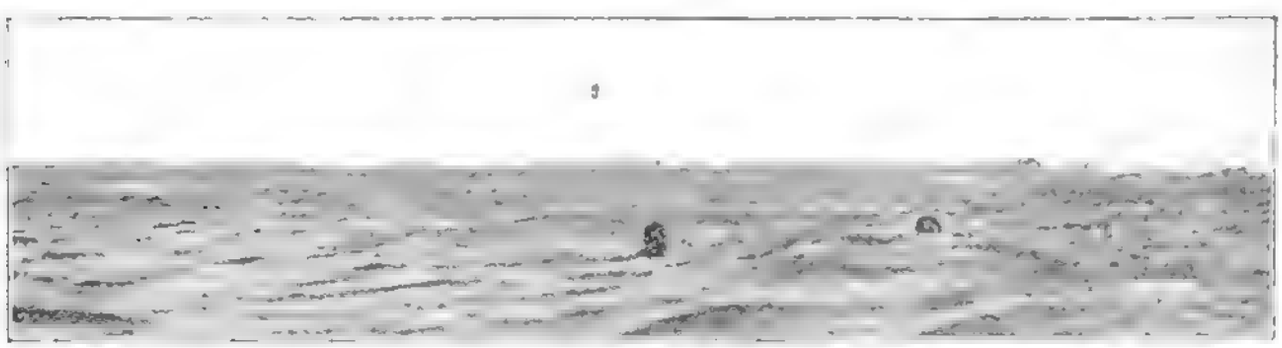
PORTSMOUTH LADIES' BATHING STAGE.
From the Badminton volume on Swimming.

their body and limbs in the exact position. Women, as a rule, learn to float more quickly than men, their bones being lighter and their body more buoyant, but the sea-water swimmer can, as a rule, float fairly well; it is the fresh-water swimmer who finds the acquirement of this branch of the art so difficult.

When indulging in a long swim, a diagonal slant across the tide should be made if it is running in-shore, and the return journey made with it, but when the tide is going out, it is best to keep close in-shore. In a rough sea the swimmer, when using the breast stroke, should dip his head just as a wave approaches and swim through it instead of allowing himself to rise on the crest of the wave and sink down in the succeeding trough. The over-arm swimmer should do the same, especially when racing, or he will get mixed up in the billows and probably lose time. There is, however, a rare lot of fun to be obtained out of "breasting" the waves, and when only enjoyment and not racing is under consideration it forms a capital pastime, especially if three or four swimmers be together.

Whenever possible, entry to the water should he made from a rock or pier, but care must be taken that at the time of entry the water is of sufficient depth for a good dive. The enjoyment of the dive into salt water is keen and exhilarating, and wherever natural bathing coves exist the opportunity should be taken full advantage of. At many places, however, the formation of the beach prevents any diving stages being erected, but this natural difficulty is sometimes overcome by the building of special club stages, such as that at Portsmouth, from which splendid dives can be made. At Jersey, where the tide runs out for miles, they have a regular bathing pool with splendid dressing accommodation, which is filled with fresh water every tide, and is one of the most comfortable places for bathing that Britishers can visit. As a rule, however, the bathing machine or tent is the only arrangement made for dressing on our coasts, and bathers, perforce, have to put up with the walk into water deep enough for a swim.

M. Holbein. A. Sinclair.



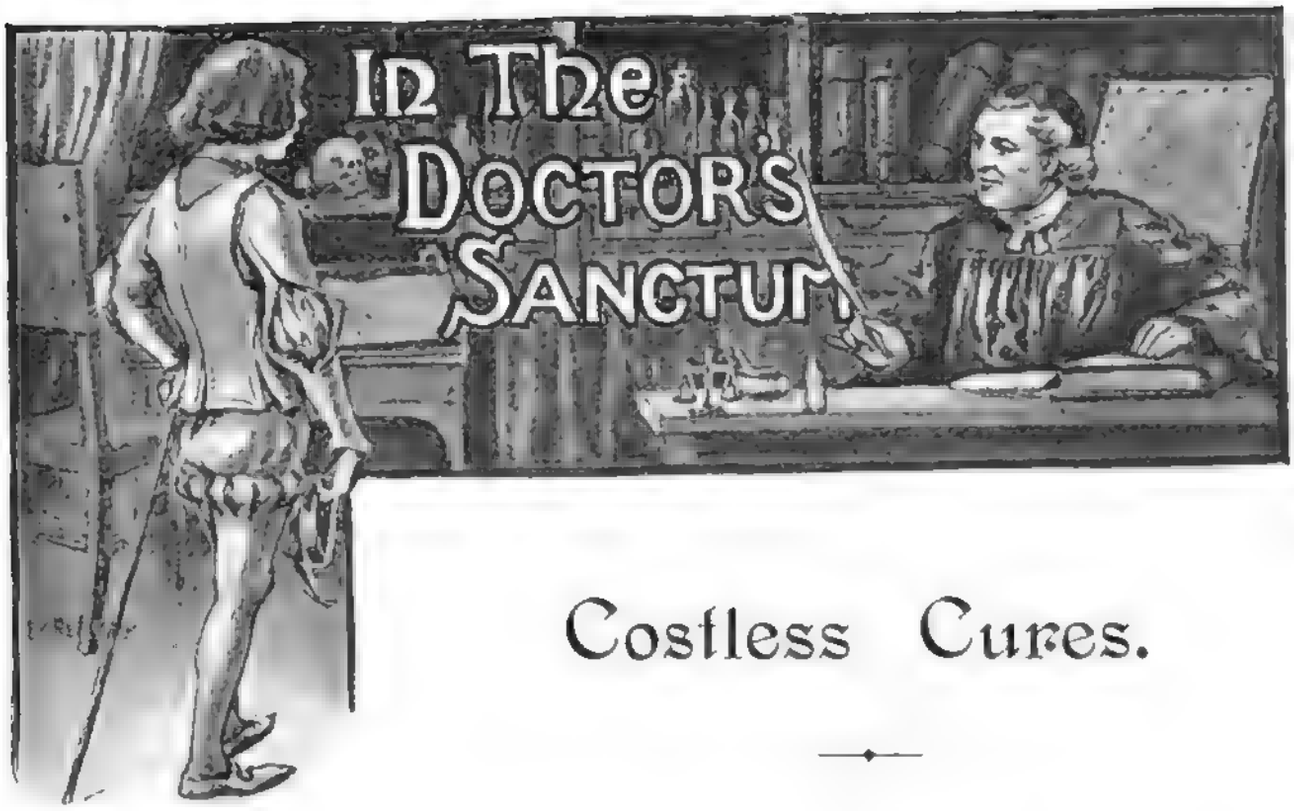
M. HOLBEIN AND A. SINCLAIR IN THE SOLENT.

Our bathing is far more serious and consequently more beneficial than that of the French, whose so-called dip is a mere bathing-dress parade accompanied by a paddle; and our good swimmers bar the bathing machine and go out in a boat. The dive should be made from the stern, to which steps should be fixed to enable the bather to get back into the boat, but failing that, the best plan is to go to leeward, lay hold of the stern close to the gunwale with one hand, then kick hard, raise the body sideways till it rests on the edge, then quickly slip the hand from the

stern to the seat and slide backwards into the boat.

As I write this, in the heart of busy London, on a broiling hot summer's day, my thoughts wander back to the many happy, enjoyable hours spent in the waters round our coasts. In the sunny waters of Jersey and Guernsey, charming Dunoon, beautiful Rothesay, lovely Scarborough, picturesque Ilfracombe, military Southsea, fashionable Torquay, Exmouth, Dawlish, historic Plymouth, Penzance, quaint St. Ives, and the rocky Land's End, commercial Dover, shady Bournemouth, pleasure-loving Brighton, old-world Deal, New Brighton, those pretty Isle of Wight resorts—Ventnor, Sandown and Shanklin, bracing Lowestoft, and equally bracing Yarmouth and Gorleston, have I oft disported myself, and no finer holiday can young men get than a swimming tour. In an experience extending over twenty years, I have only once come into conflict with jelly fish, though we are assured by writers that they are the greatest abomination to swimmers. As a matter of fact, you rarely suffer inconvenience from them, and they need not frighten the timid bather. Their sting is unpleasant, but the juice of a lemon, well rubbed in, will generally allay the irritation, and the application of a preparation of glycerine and cucumber will soon restore the skin to its natural state On the occasion I was stung it was entirely my own fault and the result of over-confidence, born of long immunity from damage, for I plunged off a moored steamer in the Gareloch, right into a shoal of jelly fish. The only consolation I received from the laughing Scotsmen present was the intimation that had I not been bathing on the Sabbath it would not have happened, which was self-evident, for had it not been the Sabbath the steamer would not have been moored there.

With the question of mixed bathing, which has at times caused so much controversy, I have not dealt. My own opinion is that it is right and proper, and that it is far more advisable for lady swimmers to have strong male swimmers near by them, in case of accident, than to be out alone.



Costless Cures.

SOME SUMMER AND AUTUMN AILMENTS.

SO many are the little ailments to which one is subject in the summer and autumn that I propose devoting this article to a few of them. It may appear rather late in the year to write of summer ailments, but of late years the present month has been as hot, and even hotter than its immediate predecessors, and, apart from this, many summer ailments extend well into the autumn, therefore one may be excused for coupling the two periods, as they are really more or less the same.

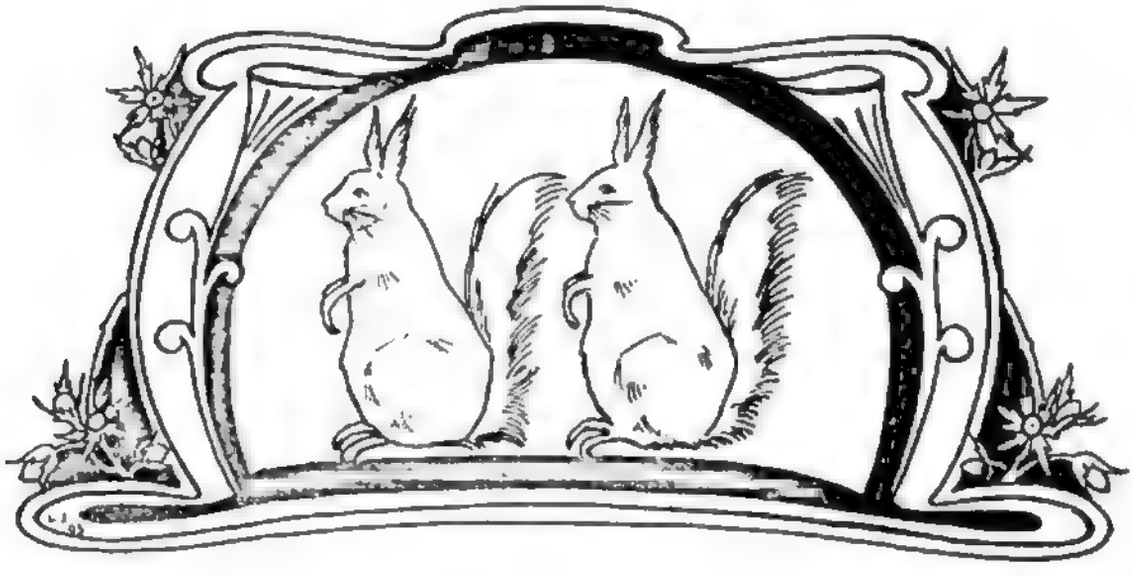
I will deal first with *sunstroke*, or a word that in my opinion is more applicable, *heatstroke*. So many people have never seen a case, and so frequently are the attacks mistaken by the crowd for fainting fits, epilepsy, or even drink, that a few remarks as to the general appearance of the patient, and how best to assist him or her, may be useful.

Whereas in the *fainting fits* the patient pales, and in the *epileptic fits* there is a marked muscular rigidity, followed by spasms, in a case of *sun or heatstroke* the patient may fall all of a heap insensible, and in very bad cases, when you may even have a condition of convulsions, the face becomes so red that the vessels have the appearance of bursting. This severe condition is not, however, very common in England, but the flushed condition of the face is always present, and as the patient lies quite still, you can at once see by his face that it is not a *fainting fit*, and by his general appearance that is not a case of epilepsy. Now is your time to act. The first thing to do is to see he is taken to the coolest place at hand, remove the collar, and fan well the back of the head. See that you keep the head up, then get a few glasses of water, or a jug of water, and throw it over the head and neck; apply ice or wet cloths to the back of the neck. It is generally advisable to grasp the tongue and draw it out a little. In the event of these things failing, it is advisable to send for the doctor at once, although, if the patient be home by this, you may try, whilst waiting his arrival, wrapping the patient up in a wet sheet. Keep the patient quiet, and do not

upon any account, give alcohol when sense returns.

Hay Fever.—In dealing with this most troublesome of ailments, I propose merely giving you briefly the cause, symptoms, and treatment. Hay fever is caused by the "pollen" or powdered dust that arises from the hay; it is blown far and wide and attacks principally town people, some people being more easily affected than others. It is the inhalation of this dust that produces those most unpleasant and troublesome symptoms resembling a very severe cold in the head. The fits of sneezing that you get sometimes leave you quite exhausted, whilst your nose and your eyes run incessantly, and the irritation of the nose is at times unbearable. In some cases there is a condition of asthma, with a slight pulse and temperature. This is not real asthma, but only a condition resembling asthma, caused by the action of the pollen on the respiratory organs. With regard to the treatment, I believe in inhalations and sea trips, for those that can afford it, more than in anything else. You may inhale the fumes of a few drops, say eight or ten, of creosote in a glass of boiling water, and this will bring great relief. A spray of cocaine solution may be used, or a very simple treatment which I have seen produce good results is to draw up through the nose a solution of salt and water. To these simple remedies I would add the taking of a tonic and regularity of habits.

Another very troublesome ailment, and one which causes those who are subject to it a deal of discomfort, is that irritation of the skin called "Prickle-heat." Your skin becomes very red and hot, and sometimes covered with little pimples, which itch terribly. Don't mistake it for nettle-rash, which is quite a different thing. As to treatment, take two teaspoonfuls of sulphate of magnesia every other morning on rising, and keep to a simple diet. A lotion of hazeline applied to the skin with lint now and then will bring relief.



The Prospects of the British Race.

MR. FRANCIS GALTON, F.R.S., ON THE NATIONAL PHYSIQUE.

IN a recent issue of the "Daily Chronicle," a most interesting article appeared from the pen of Mr. Francis Galton, F.R.S., dealing with the great question of the national physique, which, it is gratifying to notice, after our untiring efforts, is at last becoming a burning national question. Under these circumstances, and as the article in question contains much which concerns the Sandow System of Physical Culture, we take the liberty of quoting from it rather fully.

Mr. Galton expresses the opinion that the deterioration of the race is indeed worthy of serious inquiry by a Royal Commission or otherwise; but the points which a Commission is likely to consider can only be part of a much larger object that well deserves to be kept in evidence before the public. A strong consensus of educated opinion in this larger sense is needed to stimulate the inquirers to their utmost, and to prepare the public to accept the measures that the Commissioners may eventually think fit to propose, even though they be unexpectedly drastic. Dealing with the subject on these wider lines, he expresses the wish that each one of us should stand aloof from ourselves, as a whole, and should watch the condition and doings of a race, much as an authority of the Royal Agricultural Society might criticise the stock of his neighbour over the hedge, so as to learn in what way our own stock and its rearing are open to improvement.

"There is no question," continues Mr. Galton, "that the pick of the British race are as capable human animals as the world can at present produce. Their defects lie chiefly in the graceful and sympathetic sides of their nature, but they are strong in mind and body, truthful and purposive, excellent leaders of the people of lower races. I speak more particularly of those who are selected to go abroad in various high capacities, whether by Government or by firms, to carry out large undertakings under circumstances when they will have to depend much upon themselves. The lower middle-class of Britons are quite as efficient by nature, probably they are more so than men of other races, but they are of a coarser fibre than the Latins. Our average holiday-maker and cheap excursion tourist is proverbially unprepossessing. He probably admits of high polish, but the process is far too costly for his means, so he stands on a conspicuously lower social level than those of his compatriots who have been more favoured in their fortunes. His manners are noisy and vulgar, 'they have not the repose that marks the caste of Vere de Vere,' which men of many other races have. As regards the physique of Britons, I think we brag, or have bragged, more than is right. Moreover, we are not as well formed as might be. It is difficult to get opportunities of studying the nude figures of our countrymen in mass, but I have often watched crowds bathe, as in the Serpentine, with a critical eye, and always came to the conclusion that they were less shapely than

many of the dark-coloured peoples whom I have seen."

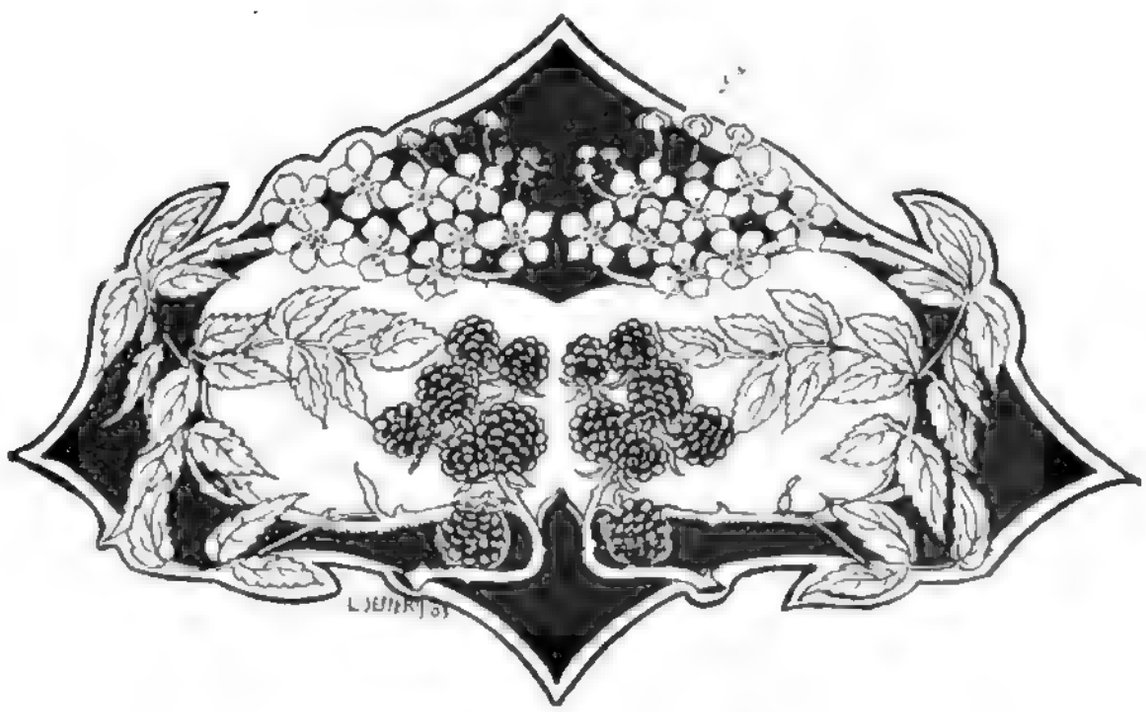
Mr. Galton next proceeds to deal with the great Sandow Competition which took place at the Albert Hall, and which, he regrets, attracted less attention from the press than it deserved. He proceeds to give his own impressions in the following terms :—

"Sandow, the well-known athlete, has established schools of instruction in places variously scattered over England, and he arranged, two or three years ago, to give no less than £1,000 in prizes to the three best-made men among the numerous pupils in his many classes. During a tour of inspection he selected from each class the three whom he considered the best, and in due time the whole body of selected competitors were assembled in Albert Hall at a public meeting. They were dressed alike in tight trousers, which showed the shape, and each had a scarf thrown jauntily over his otherwise nude shoulders. Ten solid pedestals stood in front of the organ; electric light was in readiness, and a brass band occupied a corner of the orchestra. I will not dwell on the many and very pretty gymnastic feats that were shown, but shall speak only of what is now to the point. The candidates, about eighty in number, marched in a phalanx, ten men abreast. The first row detached itself, went nimbly to the ten pedestals, where each man threw off his scarf and mounted upon one of them. The electric light was flashed on the ten standing figures. Three judges (of whom Sir Conan Doyle was one) walked round them, note-books in hand, criticising and appraising. Sandow was in readiness to act as referee if called upon. Then the best man of the ten was selected by the judges, and he stepped apart. The same was done to each row in succession until all were gone through. Then the twice-selected competitors (I think there were eight of them) mounted the pedestals side by side. They were scrutinised even more closely than before, just as prize cattle. At length the final selections were made, and the victor was handed down the Hall, to the tune of "See, the conquering hero" from the brass band, and received his magnificent award of a gold trophy, amidst the plaudits of all; the second similarly received a silver replica of it, and the third a bronze one. I studied the whole of the proceedings carefully through an opera glass, and had by my own judgment fixed upon two of the three during the preliminary stages. I should say that the first of all had not been one of these, but I fully recognised the justice of that award in the end. Now as to my conclusions. I did not think these best specimens of the British race to be ideally well made-men. They did not bear comparison with Greek statues of Hercules and of other athletes, being somewhat ill-proportioned and too heavily built. I must say that I was disappointed with them from the æsthetic point of view, though in respect to muscular power they seemed prodigies. Sandow afterwards exhibited himself in a pose that brought out his chest and arms to full advantage, and in that statuesque posture I placed him as far superior to all the competitors."

The writer goes on to say that how to raise the standard to a higher level is a question of both nature and nurture. In respect to the former he thinks that if a strong and intelligent public opinion should ever become aroused in favour of improving the breed of our race, influences are in existence which even now operate in a small way in entire conformity with sentiment and law, and which are capable, by development, of producing great results. Individually, their power is small, but in co-operation they would wield a practically overwhelming force. But he considers that whatever agencies may be brought to bear on the improvement of the British stock, whether it be in its nature or in its nurture, they will be costly, and it cannot be too strongly hammered into

popular recognition that a well-developed human being, capable in body and mind, is an expensive animal to rear. It would be bad economy to spend more on him than can subsequently be got back, while it is equally bad economy to starve him into weakness.

Mr. Galton, in conclusion, asks the Commission to consider an important question which may be phrased in this form. A certain small dole is available for each child to help his rearing; at what age would that exceptional and temporary assistance be most effective? Is it in childhood, or at about the time of most rapid growth? The immense improvement in the physique of previously ill-fed recruits, after a year's good feeding, with an out-of-doors life, is well known, but much irremediable mischief may have been done before that age is reached. Would it be better to begin earlier and to leave off sooner? In short, a careful inquiry should be made as to the maximum of good effect on the physique that might on the average be produced through the extra expenditure of a given sum of moderate amount, paying especial regard to the ages at which that sum would have to be expended.



Indian Clubs.

SOME OUT-OF-THE-WAY CIRCLES.

By AN AMATEUR CHAMPION.

WHEN the A B C of club swinging has been mastered; when "front swings," "back twists," "hip twists," and all the other ordinary circles can be executed with ease, and combined in an endless variety of exercises, there comes a time when the enthusiastic club swinger begins to yearn for "something new."

Descriptions in books are, as a rule, difficult to follow, and clever club swingers are not so plentiful that one will always be at hand to give a friendly tip. What, then, is the aspiring clubbist to do? My advice is to retire with his clubs into an empty room or quiet corner of the gymnasium, and rack his brains and his wrists till some new exercise is gradually evolved. Let him put his clubs into some peculiar position and then try to swing them out of that position and

I.

II.

into it again, always, of course, keeping to the correct rules of club swinging. New exercises will come, you may be sure, though

III.

they sometimes seem very loth to do so. I remember once puzzling over an exercise for a long time without getting it to work out satisfactorily, till at last I gave it up and went to bed. Then, "in the silence of the night," the right idea came into my head, and I jumped up and worked out one of the prettiest combinations I had ever invented. I could give many instances of how, by some lucky chance, some very good exercises were hit upon, but I must get back to the real subject of this article, the description, or rather suggestion, of a few circles which are not very frequently met with.

Firstly, there is what Cobbett and Jenkins would call the "cross back twist over," made with the shoulders square and with both clubs simultaneously. One's head seems terribly in the way when trying this exercise at first, and is liable to have little bits chipped off it; but after a lot of practice the circle can be made quite neatly. It can best be made following a front swing outwards. The first photo shows this exercise.

Another rather uncommon outward circle is that shown in the second photo. It is really a "cross front twist," made with the arm passing behind the head instead of across the chest. This is a very neat circle; it can be made after a back twist.

Almost all the parallel exercises can be complicated by being performed with arms crossed. These are not by any means uncommon, but a great many club swingers

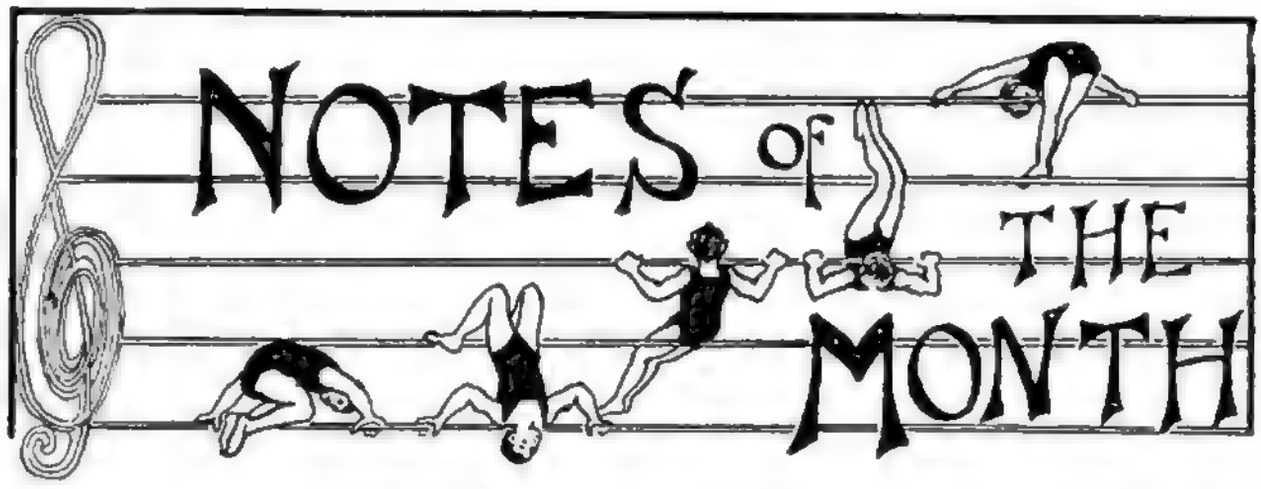
IV.

seem to neglect parallel in favour of the showier windmill exercises, which is rather a pity, as the former are undoubtedly the most graceful of all the combinations. The third photo shows a parallel exercise with arms crossed. Both clubs are doing a cross front twist.

I have said that parallel exercises are neglected in favour of windmill exercises, and while regretting this, I can very easily understand it, for no one can get the length of inventing windmill exercises without falling under their fascination.

The way one's clubs and arms get entangled at one side of the body, and disentangled on the other, only to become hopelessly mixed up again behind one's back, is really wonderful; and the gradual evolution, from this chaos, of a definite exercise which may be claimed as one's own invention, even though it has probably been done before, is a joy worth living for.

The fourth photo shows the start of one of these knot-tying movements, in which the wrists are crossed and uncrossed four times in making the circle of the body. It would be almost impossible to describe it on paper, but if this and the other photos suggest a few new exercises to some students of clubs, I shall have achieved the object of this article.



Sir Redvers Buller on Physical Training.

At the centenary celebration of the Victoria and St. George's Rifles at the Hotel Cecil, General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., who occupied the chair, said that the Volunteers had the chance of setting to a great extent an example to the youth of the country. We were passing at the present moment through a great change in the ideals of national education, for while in the past it was considered that the whole duty of man was to interest the young idea in the three R's, there were men who had now found that there was something much more important in the three H's—that it was not only necessary to teach people to read and write and cypher, but also to train their minds through their heads and hands and hearts. The education that was to be a practical one must not aim at training the mind and not the body, but to so train the mind as to enable a man to take the physical action which his mind told him was necessary. It was not a mere matter of drill, which was after all rather the ornamental part of a soldier's education. They had a splendid record extending over a hundred years, and the best advice he could give them was to keep themselves ready in body as well as mind. To be in that position was not such a difficult thing as many people thought, but they should remember that Plutarch's description of Philopœmon was as true to-day as it was two thousand years ago.

* * *

"The Volunteer Annual" (Metropolitan Corps), recently published by Adam and Charles Black, Soho Square, W., is a concise and handy volume which should prove invaluable and interesting to all who take an interest in the movement. There is a fund of information in regard to the organisation and work of the Metropolitan Volunteer and Yeomanry Corps, which should do something towards promoting that mutual good feeling and *esprit de corps* upon which the success of the Volunteer Force so largely rests. The price of the book is one shilling.

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Lieut.-Colonel O. T. Duke, hon. secretary of the Lads' Drill Association, speaking before the Council of the Charity Organisation Society on physical training during and after school age, said he considered that a complete case for a physical inquest of the nation had been made out. When three-fourths of the people lived on the land, as in 1845, the standard height for admission into the Army was 5 ft. 6 ins.; in 1900 it was lowered to 5 ft., and in 1901 only four men in every six attained to the minimum standard of fifty years ago. There had also been a corresponding diminution in chest girth and weight. The speaker advocated a graded system of physical training in elementary schools.

* * *

Wellington, N.Z.

Dear Mr. Sandow,—I am forwarding by this mail two photos of the case of lateral curvature which I mentioned in my last letter. I am

afraid that the second photo is not a very suitable one for reproduction, but you will no doubt be pleased with the improvement shown by the three months' work.—Yours sincerely,

ROYD GARLICK, Instructor.

* * *

Photo taken on February 15th, 1903. Malformation of three years' growth.

Secret of English Success.

"For many years Frenchmen have been trying to discover the secret of Englishmen's striking success in all parts of the world, and, having come to the conclusion that it lies to a great extent in our system of education, a number of enlightened thinkers have been suggesting that some of its best features be introduced into French schools. It has been pointed out that physical culture has not been given a sufficiently important place in the education of the French schoolboy." So says a writer in the "Fortnightly Review." Whilst the statement as regards the lack of physical culture in French schools may be true, there is ample room for improvement in this respect at home.

* * *

The Physique of the Recruit.

The Duke of Wellington, president of the National Service League, in a letter on the deterioration of the recruit, says the average recruit of 1900, with an age of 19'0, was 2 ins. shorter, 1 in. narrower on the chest, and 15 lbs. lighter than the average youth of nineteen, according to the measurements of the Anthropometric Committee of the British Association. If it be urged that our Army is in no way representative of the physique of the nation, and that, as the Duke of Devonshire said, "a better class of men do not enlist because a

Same pupil. Photo taken on May 10th, 1903, showing result of three months' Sandow treatment.

more permanent and lucrative prospect is afforded in civil life," there are two conclusions to be drawn. It is obvious that we must have a better physical basis for our recruiting if we are to possess an Army capable of carrying out the arduous duties falling upon one which has to fight its battles in every part of the globe and in every variety of climate; the increase of the industrial spirit and the consequent dislike to a military career is no doubt a matter of congratulation to the philosopher as showing a trend towards a peace for which we all hope. We must recognise the old duty of personal service to the State. Other nations have, in virtue of the sacrifice given by the citizen during his period of military training, at the same time found the means of physical regeneration and improvement in the midst of the deteriorating influences of an industrial civilisation.

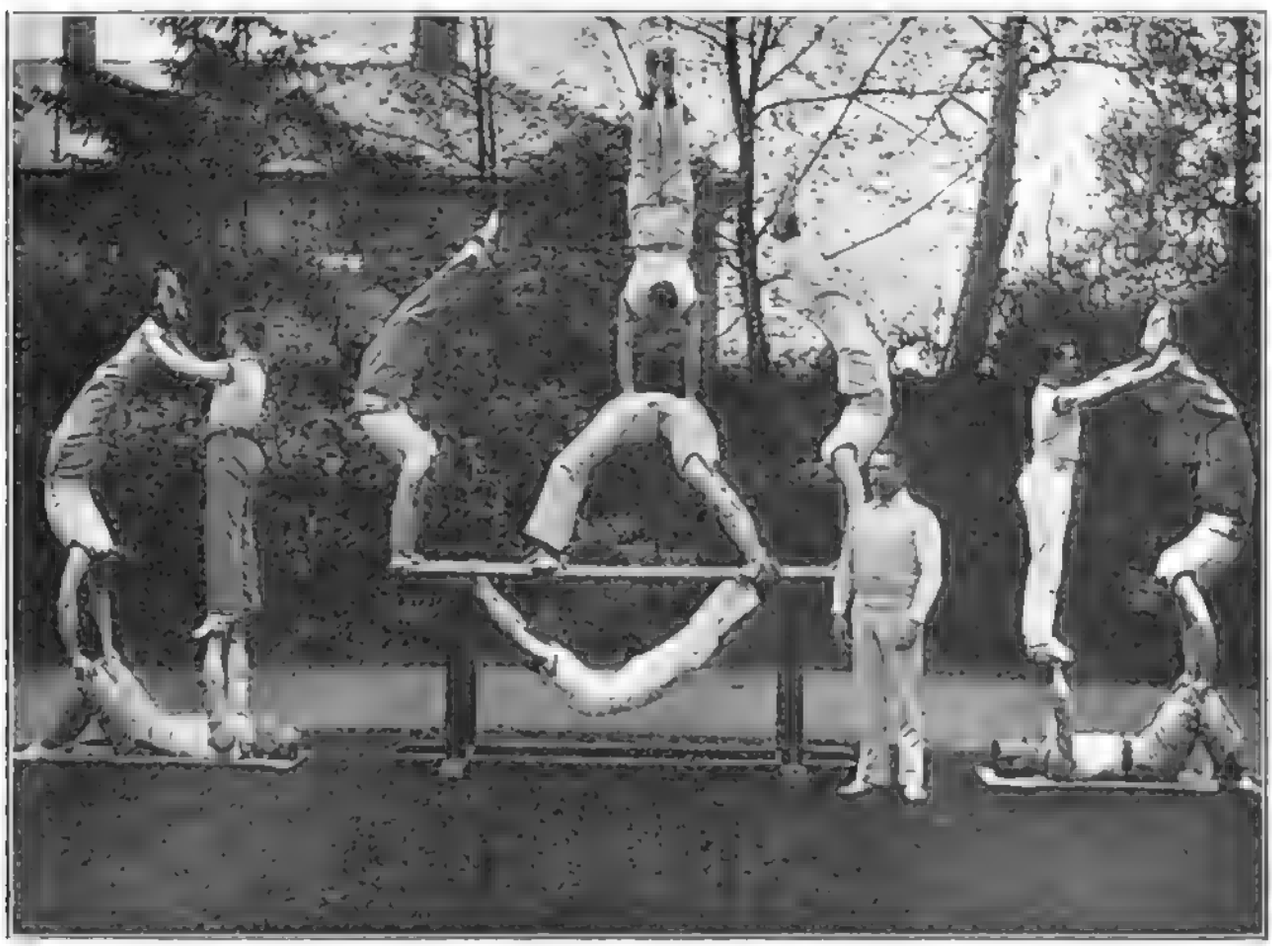
* * *

For the photograph which appears in this issue of a group of pupils of the Rugby Olympian Athletic Club, I am indebted to the Hon. Sec., Mr. J. L. Rickard, who informs me that the men taking part have trained under the Sandow system.

* * *

Hemel Hempstead.

Dear Sir,—Until the age of 16½ years, health and muscle were strangers to me. Three times before the age of ten years my life was despaired of by doctors, and I was a very poor specimen of an English youth, being a mere bundle of humanity. My brother brought home a copy of SANDOW'S MAGAZINE one evening, which opened my eyes to physical culture. I at once procured a developer, and later on a pair of grip dumb-bells, and entered a four months' course by post under Mr. Sandow. Very soon my many unhealthy signs vanished, and my weakly frame put on muscle, and I gained strength at a rapid rate. The instructions



RUGBY OLYMPIAN ATHLETIC CLUB.

during the course, together with the valuable hints contained in SANDOW'S MAGAZINE from time to time, has brought about a marvellous change in me. Had it not been for physical culture, I do not hesitate in saying that by this time I should have been a physical wreck. To-day my chest measurement is 35½ ins.; height, 5 ft. 6 ins.; age, 19 years,

T. W. BURROWS,
Champion of Champions.

and weight under 9 st. I can lift weights, and perform feats of strength and endurance that many of my office companions dare not attempt. I have succeeded in converting many into the ways of physical culture under your system, and they, like myself, are in robust health and full of vigour.

A few years ago I could not run a hundred yards or walk a mile at a good pace to save my life, but now (thanks to Mr. Sandow) I can either run ten miles or walk fifty miles with anyone. I indulge in all kinds of sports and games, especially those in the open air. I am told that my endurance is wonderful; indeed, it has often surprised myself.

I would not put aside physical and health culture for any amount of money, and happy would our country be if her subjects thought less of wealth and more of health. In conclusion, I might add that I am engaged in the G.P.O., and strongly recommend your apparatus for telegraphists.—Yours, &c.,

J. DORNOFIELD.

* * *

Club Swinging.

The following interesting letter and photos have reached me from Cape Colony:—

Sir,—Being an enthusiast in Indian club-swinging, and a subscriber to your excellent Magazine, I was pleased to see your article on Indian clubs by an amateur champion in your June issue. Your correspondent's remarks and photos concerning the grip should be recognised by all gymnastic clubs and associations, as the "knob-swinging" cannot be called a correct exercise.

We in Cape Town, on May 11th and 12th last, witnessed one of the most wonderful feats of endurance of club-swinging by the World's Champion Club-swinger, Mr. Tom W. Burrows, who for forty hours and ten minutes remained swinging continuously without rest or stop. During this period not a point was scored against him, the clubs always being held with the correct grip—the grip only introduced here since his arrival in South Africa a year ago.

Mr. Burrows is an admirer of your system and was one of the few civilians with the Gymnasium Staff at Aldershot who were personally instructed by Mr. Sandow when he visited that place in 1893.

At the time Mr. Burrows made his last world's record, we had an Amateur Club Swinging Championship of South Africa decided. The contest was for the best ten minutes' display, the writer obtaining the judge's verdict out of the numerous aspirants.

I am a pupil of Mr. Burrows, and only commenced club-swinging after his arrival here. I consider my success entirely due to his careful instruction. Both of us while training for our respective contests used the Sandow apparatus.—I am, Sir, etc.,

F. B. BARLING.

* * *

Boston's Strong Man.

John Y. Smith, the Boston strong man and champion of his weight, has all his life been a physical marvel. He is now twenty-five years of age, and his wonderful muscular development is due to constant daily exercise with dumb-bells since childhood. The bells he uses have been increased in weight from time to time until now he thinks nothing of putting up weights of 200 lbs. with either his right or left arm. He has been a member of the Young Men's Christian Union for the past four years, where he has been taught to use his muscles to the greatest advantage and how best to preserve them. He now weighs 170 lbs., stands 5 ft. 6¾ ins. high, and has a bicep that measures 17 ins., and a forearm of 14½ ins. He does many feats that require great strength. He has lifted a horse weighing 1,375 lbs. by getting under him, and with his back lifting the animal from the floor. During the day Smith is employed in a brewery, and thinks nothing of picking up a cask of ale weighing 218 lbs. and holding it at arms' length over his head. He straddles a full barrel of ale, which weighs 410 lbs., and taking hold of it by the chimes with hands alone (without artificial aid), lifts the barrel clean from the floor seventy-five times, an aggregate weight of 30,750 lbs. This lift requires wonderful strength of the fingers, back, and legs. He also lies flat on the floor and pushes up to arms' length with both hands a cask weighing 300 lbs. Another difficult trick he does is taking a full half of ale, which weighs 218 lbs., standing it on end and catching it by the second or third hoop and with his finger-nails lifts it off the floor. Smith has considerable fun with his strength, and astonishes many with whom he comes in contact. While walking along the street one day he noticed two men loading empty beer hogsheads into a team. He asked them why they always used a skid to roll them up on to the team, and why they did not pick them right up from the sidewalk and throw them on the team, as that would

F. B. BARLING,
Amateur Champion of South Africa.

be much quicker. The men replied that this was impossible to do. "Not so," answered Smith. "I will show you how it can be done," and stepping up to a hogshead he up-ended it first, then drew the top end against his stomach, and with the grip of his finger-nails against the iron hoops, lifted his hogshead up and threw it into the wagon, much to the astonishment of the two men.

One day, while down around the market, he saw some men unloading salt in bags. "Are those heavy?" asked Smith. "Heavy," repeated one of the men, "heavier than you could handle." This roused Smith, and he declared that he could put one of the bags of salt over his head with one hand. The men laughed at him and told him not to talk so foolishly, as it was impossible. Smith took off his coat and tackled the impossible job at once. The bag of salt was clumsy and difficult to handle, but he got it on his

R. H. RIMES *(Aged 17 years 5 months).*

shoulder and tried to put it up. Three times he was unsuccessful, as he lost the balance of the bag, but the fourth time, after carefully balancing it on his shoulder, he got a firm grip on it with his right hand and slowly but surely pushed it above his head, where he held it for several minutes, and then as slowly lowered it to the sidewalk, amid the astonished onlookers that had been attracted to the spot. The bag of salt was then weighed, and found to tip the scales at 208 lbs., a wonderful feat for such a bulky weight to be put up with one hand.—Boston (U.S.A.) "Sunday Post."

* * *

Beeston.

Dear Sir,—Being a reader of your Magazine, I notice you have published the photographs of some users of your developer. Would you kindly publish my enclosed photograph, if you consider I am sufficiently developed in proportion to my age, &c.? I am now 17 years 5 months, and have been using your developer for about 6 months.—Yours sincerely,

RONALD H. RIMES.

MEASUREMENTS.

Age	... ...	17 years 5 months.
Weight	... ...	9 stone.
Height	... ...	5 feet 6 inches.
Neck	... ...	13½ inches.
Chest	... ...	31 "
"	(expanded)	37½ "
Waist	... ...	25 "
Hips	... ...	29½ "
Thigh	... ...	18½ "
Knee	... ...	13 "
Calf	... ...	13½ "
Ankle	... ...	8½ "
Upper arm	...	11¼ "
Forearm	...	10½ "
Wrist	... ...	6¾ "

* * *

Calves at Court.

There is, we hear, says the "Tailor and Cutter," something of a flutter—well, not exactly in the dovecotes, but amongst those whose duty or privilege it may chance to be to attend Court functions, or to be near the Royal presence on special occasions. King Edward has always been noted for good taste in the matter of dress, and it is well known that he is something of a stickler for insisting upon the costume suiting the occasion. During the latter years of the Queen's reign, Court dress had become very much a go-as-you-please matter, and somewhat incongruous, we believe, were the outfits occasionally to be seen in certain quarters. Now, however, the edict has gone forth that Court dress must be Court dress, and breeches and silk stockings are *de*

rigueur. This means the cultivation of calves amongst the younger scions of those who represent birth and breeding, and may, perhaps, account for the present walking craze; or will it lead to the abandonment of motoring in favour of a return to cycling? Perhaps Sandow will meet the difficulty by inventing a special calf developer.

* * *

Fresh Air and Health.

A correspondent of "Country Life" writes: "To my mind one of the chief reasons for physical deterioration amongst the poorer classes is the complete absence of fresh air in their houses. Pass through any village or along a terrace of small houses, and look at the windows upstairs—they are tight shut and shrouded with curtains; downstairs the window-sills are crammed with flowering plants, so that it is impossible to open the windows, even if the inhabitants wished to do so. They seem to have a perfect dread of fresh air getting into their houses."

* * *

Ahmednagar.

Dear Sir,—You may think I am flattering your system of physical culture if I say that I never in my life found a true and proper remedy for my sufferings other than your system.

I am only seventeen, but unfortunately I was a sufferer from weakness of the heart, weak lungs, indigestion, etc.

I tried dozens of allopathic doctors, and every remedy recommended to me for some years, but without obtaining any permanent relief.

What a lucky day it was for me when I read of your system of physical culture in 1901.

I purchased a pair of grip dumb-bells, a combined developer, and your book "Strength, and How to obtain it."

Although I have only followed your system irregularly, I am most thoroughly convinced that your system of physical culture is a decided success.

A comparative table of my measurements will show you what I have accomplished in the short period of less than two years.

MEASUREMENTS.

	Then. 1901.	Now. 8th June, 1903.
Age	15 yrs 6 mths.	17 yrs. 5 mths.
Weight	100 lbs.	130 lbs.
Height	5 ft. 6 ins.	5 ft. 10 ins.
Neck	12½ inches.	14½ inches.
Chest (contracted) ...	28 ,,	34 ,,
,, (expanded) ...	30 ,,	36 ,,
Upper right arm ...	10 ,,	12¼ ,,
,, left ,, ...	9 ,,	11¼ ,,
Forearm, right... ...	9 ,,	10½ ,,
,, left	9 ,,	10½ ,,
Waist	25½ ,,	29 ,,
Hip	29 ,,	32 ,,
Thigh, right	18 ,,	21¾ ,,
,, left	18 ,,	21 ,,
Calf, right	11½ ,,	13¾ ,,
,, left	11½ ,,	13¾ ,,
Knee, right	13 ,,	14¾ ,,
,, left	13 ,,	14¾ ,,
Ankle, right	7½ ,,	8¼ ,,
,, left	7½ ,,	8¼ ,,
Wrist	6¾ ,,	7¼ ,,

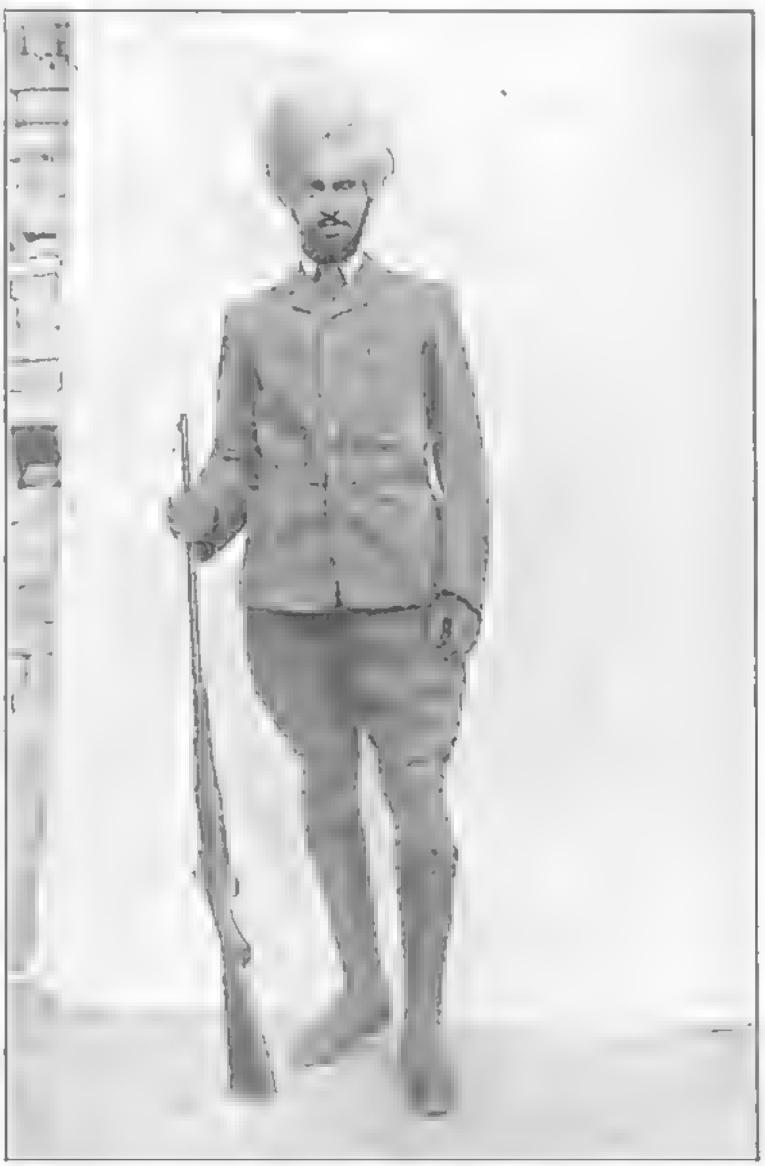
In addition to this largely increased muscular development, my general health is decidedly improved, and now I can enjoy many sports, such as cricket, football, swimming, shooting, etc.—Yours, with sincere gratitude,

HIRJI SHAPURJI NAGARWALLA.

On the Hills with a Rifle.

By GURKIR-PAL SINGH MANN. (*Punjab*).

HAVING read an article in SANDOW'S MAGAZINE, entitled "On the Moors with a Gun," contributed by some disciple of St. Hubert, I am tempted to give some of my own experiences under diametrically opposite circumstances, under which, thanks to Mr. Sandow's system, I was enabled to take pleasure instead of getting sunstroke. Nothing like physical culture for making a man fit to undergo any hardships. If I go into descriptions of the benefits of Sandow's system, or those of shooting with the rifle, where a single shot may determine the fate of either the young "Nimrod" or his quarry, I am sure my essay will become too long and irksome to some of my readers. The benefits of shooting have been so well described by "Northerner," that it would be superfluous for me to say over again what Mr. Northerner has already said. Suffice it to say that his experiences were in an almost Arctic winter, whilst mine were in the hottest season of the year, in one of the hottest countries of the world; his with the shot-gun, mine with the rifle; his after rabbits, mine after the "faldae." His experiences were in rain and sleet, mine under the vertical rays of the tropical sun.



THE AUTHOR.

It was in June, 1902, when the sun was beating with unwonted fierceness on the rocks of a

certain tea estate in the lower Himalayas. The season being an unusually dry one, not a drop of water was obtainable for miles, except where a spring trickled in some shady "nullah" and filled a bit of a hollow on the hill-side. Such places were few and far between, like an oasis in the desert, where all the animals of the forest must come to wet their parched palates. Such an opportunity was not to be lost by any sportsman or true and ardent lover of nature. What cared I for the breasting of high and steep hills under the burning rays of the sun, when for my reward I had this golden opportunity of observing the manners of all sorts of wild beasts and birds in their natural haunts? I had made a start in the early morning and was bound for a spring a few miles away. Two hours of stiff walking up hill and down dale brought us (myself and my "Pahari" or hill guide) to the spring, situated on the side of a narrow tract, used more by panthers and deer than by human beings, as the fresh "pugs" and "slots" clearly showed.

We took up our position just above the spring, being screened by a bush. Hardly had we done so when a stately old cock pheasant ("kaleeje") came trotting up, his spouse confidently following the footsteps of her lord. They, having had their fill, rush off; these birds, as all birds and beasts of these parts, come to drink very slowly and with great circumspection, but, having once taken their fill, try to leave this—which they evidently think dangerous—place without the least possible delay. Panthers are numerous in the neighbourhood, and evidently these fauna of the jungles much dread an ambush that may have been laid by one of these treacherous and cruel cats. Next comes the small and elegant muntjak deer; cautiously he gazes right and left, lifts one leg to advance, hesitates, and at last, satisfied that the coast is clear, and the cool water (under the circumstances) proving too strong a temptation, he makes up his mind, and, coming up to the spring, dips his muzzle in the water. The temptation is great to shoot him, but this must not be, as we are after nobler game, and, besides, it is the "close" season. It also looks more like a poacher's dodge than sport. Numerous nightingales and birds of varied hue and colouring come twittering with beaks wide open, and, after taking a refreshing bath, perch on to some overhanging bough to finish their song in their Maker's praise. "Twit," "twit," from some birds is heard lower down the valley, and my heart almost, so to say, jumps up to my throat; it is a sure sign of a panther being on the move. My trusty rifle rests in my hands as cautiously I peer into the bushes, and every minute I expect the head of the animal to emerge from the thick forest. At last I see the two conical ears and the upper part of his back; my rifle being on the "half cock," I neglect pressing the trigger while bringing it to "full cock." Alas! what a mistake; although the wind was blowing rather sharply, and the dry leaves of the forest were making a good deal of crackling as the wind blew them hither and thither, the keen sense of hearing of the panther has detected me, from the "click" of the lock, and slowly it disappears. Long and impatiently I wait for the chance of its reappearance, but to no purpose—I have been outwitted. There is nothing to be done but go home and chew the cud of disappointment.

Hungry, disappointed, and having many a hill to climb under the vertical rays of the midsummer sun, the state of mind I find myself in is, to say the least, rather unenviable. On our return a cold bath and a hearty breakfast soon mend matters, and make us look upon the past with a philosophic eye.

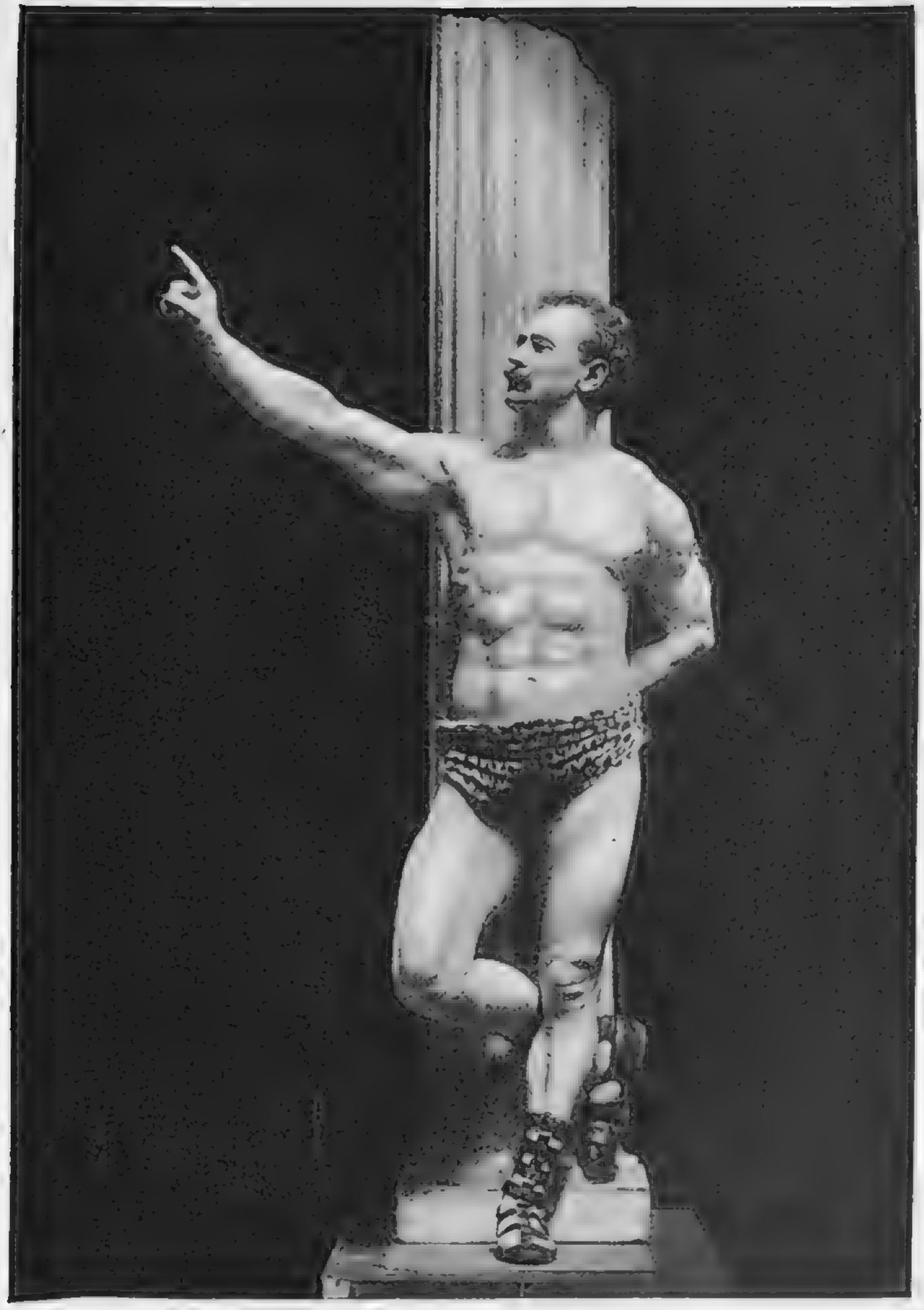
If I have not, through my ignorance, succeeded in bagging a panther, there is hope for better luck in future. Alas! Dame Fortune is rather wayward, and I was doomed to many a disappointment before I could draw a smile from her.

Once again, some days later on, I wend my way to my favourite place; but imagine, if you can, my state of mind when I found the little water that was there had dried up completely. There is another small pool half-a-mile further on, so says my "Pahari," or hill guide. Now we pass through over-hanging creepers and again through magnificent oak trees, whose cool shade invites the passer by to take a short rest. Our time is limited, and it is already late, so on we press. There is an abrupt turn in our foot-path at the foot of a spur of the hill. Suddenly, on coming to it, my guide stops rather abruptly and whispers, "Bagh," or panther. In the excitement of the moment I fire a couple of snap-shots with my shot-gun loaded with ball. Again, what a fatal mistake; my rifle, which could have hardly failed me, was in the hands of my companion. If only I had taken it, surely I could never have made such a mess of it. What a big brute he was, and how easily have I missed him. But there is "no use crying over spilt milk"; it was my own cursed mistake, and I had to suffer for it.

Again and again I come and wait patiently on this pool, but he will not drink at this pool again this season. Rain comes on, and water is to be found everywhere, so this waiting dodge has to be given up, for my chances of success are but few. Such dodges as tying up goats at likely places, and sitting near them watching for the panther, is all most unsatisfactory work.

Truly is it said fortune often comes when least expected. A hill-boy comes to me, and in breathless haste he says that he has seen a couple of panthers sitting on some rocks. A drizzling rain was falling, but this could not deter me from starting at once. I cannot find my "shikari," or huntsman, but even this was of no consequence, so taking my rifle and some cartridges, I make my way for the place, about three miles from my house. Running, or walking when out of breath, I reach my destination within half-an-hour. On my arrival I find that one of the brutes had disappeared in one of the caverns formed by huge rocks piled one upon the other. But one of them is lying on a rock, with his gaze intently fixed towards the other side of a deep valley, where some goats and cattle are grazing. Doubtless visions of mutton or beef are passing through his mind. At last I have a fair chance of a stalk. I have for once caught one of these wily beasts off his guard. Divesting myself of my boots, slowly and cautiously I creep up to him under cover of a small bush, which is nearly ten feet from him. Not a stone must rattle or a branch rustle if I want to succeed. With my pulses beating at a fearful rate, and my heart throbbing audibly I almost think, I reach my friendly bush and there wait for a few seconds to allow my excitement to subside. The rest is easy—a bullet well placed and he falls without a groan or struggle. A convulsion passes through his frame and all is over. I have bagged my first panther. Only a true sportsman can imagine my almost ecstatic joy when in triumph I bear home my quarry.

Now I must take leave of my kind and indulgent readers, with best wishes of success to the toiling sportsman, and rest in an easy chair to the "sit at home" gentlemen.



Photo, D. Bernard & Co. Melbourne.]

A NEW SANDOW POSE (XXIV).

A Parson's Tribute to Physical Culture.

All wealth is but life! That nation is richest which produces the greatest number of healthy, bright-eyed, full-breathed happy human beings. That nation is richest which produces the greatest number of souls of good quality. . . . That is wealth, all else is but filth.—JOHN RUSKIN.

YES, we want both! and we are much more likely to get both together than either singly. We want the soul of good quality, and the old idea that its best shrine was a weak and emaciated body has long been exploded. The modern poet who stands alone upon the intellectual peak of Parnassus, as Tennyson does upon the artistic, sings of the hero saint-king of the Old Testament in words throbbing with the new and enlightened view:—

"Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock,
The strong rending of boughs from the fir tree; the cool silver shock
Of the plunge in a pool's living water,—the hunt of the bear,
And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair.
And the meal—the rich dates yellowed over with gold dust divine,
And the locust's flesh steeped in the pitcher! the cool draught of wine,
And the sheep in the dried river channel, where bulrushes tell
That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well.
How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in joy."

The present writer is one who only came into full realisation of this "full-breathed," healthy human existence during the 12 or 15 months last past. He thinks his story would be interesting to the readers of SANDOW'S MAGAZINE, and he will therefore attempt to tell it briefly and plainly, writing for the sake of directness in the first person:—

I am a clergyman of the Church of England. In 1896 I went out to Trinidad to take up the work of a college friend who had succumbed to yellow fever after some three months' work. I wish that I could tell you his story, for he was one of the brightest and bravest lads that ever lived. But to return. From the moment of my arrival I was a "fever subject," having had a very bad typhoid experience some months previously. Of course, any severe enteric trouble predisposes one to contract the many similar troubles which victimise often even the strongest in the tropical regions.

Seven months knocked me over. I was *carried* on board ship suffering, as my medical adviser said, "from a chronic ulceration of the mucous membrane of the bowel, accompanied by severe spasmodic attacks of abdominal pain." For three years this ulcerated state continued. I was never operated upon, but constantly dieted—to my intense disgust—and was frequently obliged to use laudanum or morphine to deaden the pain. In 1899 I went out again, not to the tropics, but into a semi-tropical region. Again, in the long hot summer, came the inevitable return to the ulcerated condition, and after some time spent in the States and Canada, I returned home.

Now what I felt was this, that any man who had been so repeatedly ill as I had been

(though by no means a weakling in my youth) was in danger of becoming a chronic semi-invalid and getting into soft habits.

The type of man who goes in for soft habits does not appeal to me, the soft self-petted parson least of all. Nor does he appeal to the young manhood of the nation. I remember going through our glorious northern cathedral the other day, and being told this story:—A party of young men were being shown over by the chief verger, and happening to mention the name of the place they came from, they were asked if they knew Mr. So-and-So (a former student of Durham Universvsity). "Ay," said one, enthusiastically, "I should think I do; he's our curate. Eh, mon, he's a grand 'un! He plays fitba' [(football) like an angel!!!"

Photo., Jas. Bacon & Sons, Newcastle.]

THE AUTHOR, 1903.

That is one story among many that might be told, illustrating the unique power of appeal which any clergyman or minister may possess in any town or village in the land, who takes an active living interest in the things for which the young men healthily care. In all the splendid work of Robert Dolling at Landport and at Poplar, a great deal of his success was due to the true appreciation of this power, and the realisation of it in his own work and that of his assistants. I mention this as being particularly well known, and before the public eye at this time.

To return to my own story. I got back to England finally at the very end of 1901. For years I had heard of Mr. Sandow, of his marvellous strength and statuesque figure. But I had not read his book, nor thought of the possibility of developing my own unfortunate body.

It was in March of last year that I decided to go through a course of physical training. For two terms I used the Sandow grip dumb-bells and developer, at the school and at home, daily. From the accompanying photo and measurements you may see what state I was in when I began, and may compare them with the other. photo which shows development after far less than a real steady year's work. But I may add that it has been work with mind in it. And perhaps, in passing, I may say that I am more than ever convinced that the mind is the chief factor in

physical development. In my opinion, the great virtue of Mr. Sandow's splendid inventions lies in the fact that they demand the concentration of the mind and will upon the matter in hand.

When I came to Newcastle, in January of this year, I found a magnificent parochial hall and gymnasium which had recently been opened. At once I begged for a dozen developers and commenced operations. All through the winter and spring (Feb. to June) classes were held. About 22 ladies and 18 men joined at once, and the former continue one class per week throughout the summer months.

Then I have my "Parson's Class," six clerical brethren doing the whole course of developer and "free" exercises twice a week. These are practically the dry bones of what I had meant to say to you. The photos will speak for themselves, and I hope by next Christmas to be able to send you a group photo as good, and quite as indicative of progress.

I could not, in my most sanguine moments, have dreamt of, or hoped for, the rapid results which have attended my efforts so far. I am physically a different being, and am certain that every faculty I possess is the better and stronger for the training.

For men who have to speak frequently the neck exercise is invaluable; that I have most certainly proved. But it is folly to talk of one particular exercise where all are necessary, and the development of the whole man is the aim.

What we want is to produce healthy, strong, symmetrical manhood and womanhood; and that it can be done is evidenced every day.

* * * *

I began this article with a quotation from the writings of the man whose words have helped me more than those of any other. Before I conclude I would call attention to the chapter on physical training in Herbert Spencer's "Education"—an incomparable book. The said chapter opens by contrasting the attitude of men towards horses, dogs, etc., with their attitude towards the rearing and training of children :—

"When the country gentleman has paid his daily visit to the stable, and personally inspected the condition and treatment of his horses; when he has glanced at his minor live stock, and given directions about them; how often does he go up to the nursery and examine into its dietary, its hours, and its ventilation?"

Photo., F. Burton, Blackburn.]

THE AUTHOR, 1902.

Educated men devote themselves to "the raising of first-rate bullocks," but children—"oh! we leave those matters to the women!" And what a preparation the poor women have had in most cases! "We see infinite pains," says Mr. Spencer, "to produce a racer that shall win the Derby—none to produce a modern athlete. Had Gulliver narrated of the Liliputians that the men vied with each other in learning how best to rear the offspring of other creatures, and were careless of learning how best to rear their own offspring, he would have paralleled any of the other absurdities he ascribes to them."

But read the report of the Royal Commission just issued, and blush for very shame!

* * * *

I conclude with a quite typical personal and parsonical experience. Some weeks ago I was visiting an infirm woman. A great hulk of a young fellow (her son) was occupying most of the available floor space, with one foot on a chair, lacing his boot, and evidently resenting my intrusion. Desiring to be friendly, I asked him cheerily if he had been down to the gym. yet. He must have thought that I meant some religious meeting, for he growled out that he wanted no religion. I turned round on him merrily, "Come here man, and let me see what you're made of." I felt his arms, and, as I expected, found them puny and soft and poor. "Poor calf," I said, "the mouth part of you is the strongest. No! you're not fit for religion yet! Come down to the gym. and we'll put some muscle on to you first, and give you the religion afterwards, *when you're man enough for it.*"

He actually grinned, sat down like a babe listened with docility to all I had to say to his mother, and shook hands when we parted.

MEASUREMENTS.

Spring, 1902.	ins.	Midsummer, 1903.	ins
Neck	13¼	Neck	14¾
Right forearm ...	9⅝	Right forearm ...	10½
Left forearm ...	9¾	Left forearm ...	10⅝
Right upper arm (flexed)	12	Right upper arm (flexed)	14½
Left upper arm (flexed)	11⅞	Left upper arm (flexed)	14½
Chest, contracted...	32½	Chest, contracted...	36½
Chest, normal ...	36½	Chest, normal ...	39½
Chest, expanded ...	37½	Chest, expanded ...	41½
Waist	31½	Waist	29½
Right thigh ...	19¾	Right thigh ...	20½
Right calf	13¾	Right calf	14
Left thigh	19½	Left thigh	21
Left calf	13	Left calf	14

W. R. YATES.

* * *

Our Ladies' Pages.

I TAKE the liberty of culling the following very pertinent remarks dealing with infantile mortality and physical degeneration amongst the poorer classes from an interview with a head schoolmaster of a large board school in the neighbourhood of the docks, which appeared recently in the *Daily Express*:—

"It is in the dock districts that one sees the fearful legacy that beer-drinking fathers and gin-soaking mothers bequeath to their offspring. It is now dinner-time, when the children should be at home for their mid-day meal. Let us look into the bars of the four gin-shops in this street.

"In these places were counted thirty-eight women and twelve children—mere infants. Some were crawling on the floor, others lying on their mothers' knees, and some were being regaled with gin-and-water.

"There was not a man present in one of the bars where the women congregated.

"'It is in the faces and bodies of the children that the real horror of this drinking curse is seen,' the schoolmaster said. 'Drink and its attendant neglect are the causes of nearly all the wretchedness and vice. Here the sins of the parents are visited with no uncertainty upon the children.

"'Look at those poor little fellows! Were they born of healthy parents?' and he pointed out children whose wizened, old-looking faces told their own tale. 'Some of them have been in this class—the lowest—for years. They have not the slightest conception of the difference between right and wrong. Their vocabulary is almost wholly confined to blasphemous and filthy language.'

"'Their staple food? Well, bread and margarine. A hundred of them, I dare say, are dinnerless. Their mothers are spending dinner money in the gin-shop. Do you wonder at the headway epidemics make when they break out among such children? The

marvel to me is that the sanitary authorities ever stamp the visitations out.

"'This week I have stripped four boys and burnt their clothes because of their filthy state. They were rigged-out with new ones. When we give a child a pair of boots we stamp them with eyelets in the uppers. Every pawnbroker knows the boots then.

"'These drunken mothers come up to the school and charge their children with truancy. All the time the little fellows have been kept at home to mind the others while the mother goes drinking.

"'Nurses from nursing homes give devoted service here.

"'The dreadful ravages upon the health and moral tone of the people, caused by drink, make one shudder. Here comes a nurse fresh from visiting a school where she has been attending to and dressing the wounds of children whose mothers will not take the trouble to see that their little ones are washed, and whose ills are mainly caused by dirt.

"'It seems incredible, but it is a fact, that these mothers will not take the slightest trouble to tend these poor little mites, and some will not even allow the nurse to see them. Children, too, have been crippled for life through the neglect of drunken mothers.

"'What can be done? Take all children of drunken mothers away, and bring them up away from the vice which they see every day. Save the children! The mothers are past redemption!'"

* * *

At the recent gymnastic festival in the famous old town of Nuremberg, which lasted for many days and has been just concluded, twenty-eight English ladies from London took part in the exercises, much to the admiration of the male *Turners* and the public in general. The German Press, south and north, is full of appreciative remarks concerning both the elegant suppleness and the remarkable strength shown in all the movements of those ladies. Their becoming gymnastic costume was also much lauded. When passing through the streets in their ordinary dress, they everywhere gave rise to demonstrative attention. A correspondent writes that while walking through the streets, after their display, a small German boy, thinking to take advantage of their sex and nationality, squirted dirty water over them and ran away. In three bounds one of the girls had caught him up, and in half a minute had him face downwards over her knee. This incident, which took place in a well-known thoroughfare, caused great amusement.

To Amateur Photographers.

"SANDOW'S MAGAZINE" NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC PRIZE COMPETITION.

IN the place of our usual physical competitions, we have devised one which should prove acceptable to our readers at this time of the year, particularly those who take an interest in photography. Each month prizes will be given, to the value of £1 10s., for photographs of any sporting subject. The £1 10s. will be divided into first and second prizes, value £1 and 10s. respectively, or in any other proportion which may be decided upon, according to the merits of the photographs submitted. The prizes awarded will be in the form of orders to the amount, given on any firm advertising in the Magazine for the month in which the names of the prize-winners are announced.

For last month's Competition the photos received hardly came up to expectations, only one in our opinion being worthy of a prize. This, which came from Mr. A. Ponton, of Dublin, is reproduced on opposite page, and if that gentleman will make his selection from the advertisements in this month's issue, we shall be pleased to send him an order on the firm to the extent of £1.

The conditions are as follows:—

1. A Competitor may send in any number of photographs, but each one must be accompanied by the coupon in the current issue, which will be found on page v of the advertisements.

2. The coupons must be filled in with the Competitor's name and address, which must also be written in pencil on the back of each photograph sent in.

3. A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany all photographs, or they cannot be returned.

4. All photographs for this month's Competition must reach the Editor of "Sandow's Magazine," 32A, St. James's Street, S.W., not later than Monday, September 14th, marked "Photo Competition" in the top left-hand corner.

5. The copyright of any photograph awarded a prize is to belong to the Editor of "Sandow's Magazine," who also reserves to himself the right of publishing any photograph submitted for competition.

"OFF KINGSTOWN."

First Prize (£1) won by Mr. A. Ponton, Dublin.

Some New Zealand Athletes.

A CORRESPONDENT in Wanganui, New Zealand, has sent the following interesting particulars regarding some of the winners in this year's New Zealand championships, which will no doubt be read with interest by athletes in this and other countries. It will be noticed that many of their performances compare very favourably with those of champions in other parts of the world.

AUGUST CARLSON.

Champion All-round Athlete. Winner of Lord Ranfurly's Gold Medal, N.Z., at Caledonian Championships at Napier, January, 1901, and at Wanganui, January 22nd and 23rd, 1903.

AUGUST CARLSON

secured the gold medal presented by the Governor of the Island, Lord Ranfurly, for the best all-round athlete in 1901 and again this year. He did not compete last season. At the last gathering he created a new record for putting the 16 lb. shot, his best effort being 42 ft. 8 ins., beating record by no less than 3 ft. 10 ins. His closest opponent could only put 32 ft. 10 ins. He also won the hammer, and was easily first in tossing the caber. There was no one who could stand against him at wrestling in either Catch-as-catch-can, Border or Cumberland styles; but neither Scott, Thornley, nor Harry Dunn were competing this year. In addition to these successes, Carlson has won races at all distances from 100 to 440 yards, hurdles, high jump, and hop, step and jump. "Gus," as he is familiarly known, is a great favourite on all sports grounds, and is also a keen admirer of Mr. Sandow. Carlson's measurements are:—Age, 30 years; height, 6 ft. 2⅜ ins.; weight, 15 st. 8 lbs.; neck, 16½ ins.; chest (contracted), 37 ins.; expanded, 42 ins.; upper right arm, 14½ ins.; left do., 14 ins.; forearm (right), 12½ ins.; left do., 12¼ ins.; waist, 36 ins.; thigh (right), 24¼ ins.; left do., 24¼ ins.; calf (right), 15¼ ins.; left do., 15⅛ ins.

L. J. FURRIE,

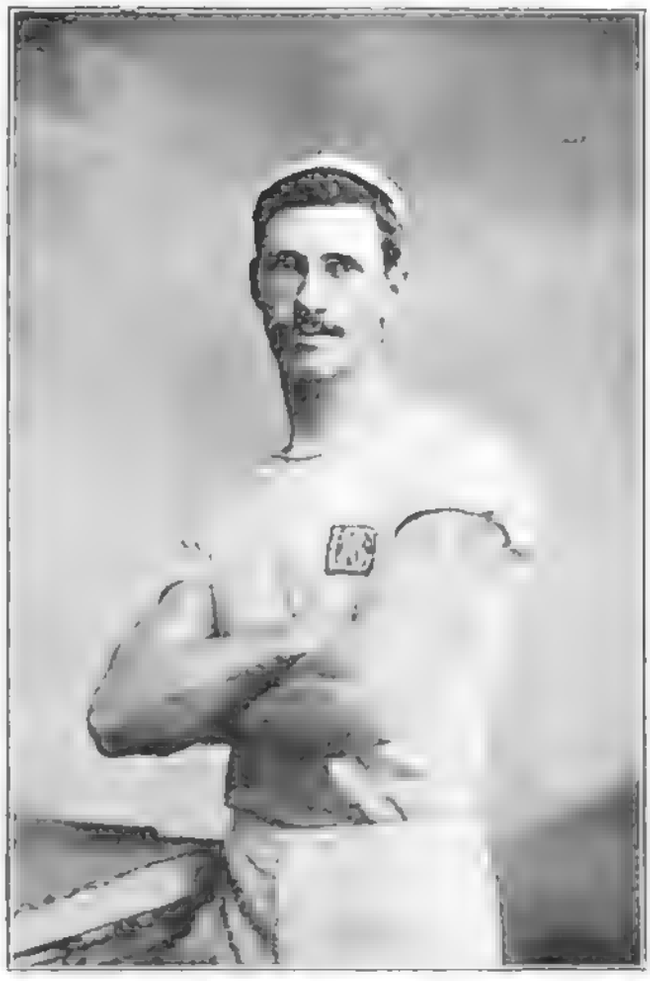
who claims the distinction of being the 100 yards, 220 yards, and quarter-mile Caledonian champion of New Zealand, is probably one of the fleetest runners throughout Australasia to-day. He has come very rapidly to the front, and since 1900 has accomplished many smart performances,

L. J. FURRIE,
Caledonian Champion Sprint Runner of N.Z., 1903. Winner of 100 Yards, 200 Yards, and 400 Yards Championships.

chiefly in handicaps. He started by carrying off the 100 and 220 yards handicaps at Foxton in November, and the following month secured the Sheffield Handicap. On New Year's Day, 1901, he took the first prizes for 100 and 200 yards at Masterton, and in the same month won the 100 yards at Wellington from the three yards mark in even time. At the Easter meeting at Danevirke, Furrie won the 220 yards handicap, but after this illness prevented his appearing on the mark again until November, 1902, when he won a 300 yards handicap off the eight yards mark in 33 secs. At Feilding, on Boxing Day, he again won the 120 yards Sheffield Handicap, this time receiving a concession of six yards, and he started on last New Year's Day by winning the 100 yards handicap at Hawera from the three yards mark on a heavy track in 10⅕ secs., whilst he was also second in the 220 yards handicap. His crowning performance, however, was at the championship meeting at Wanganui on January 22nd and 23rd last, when he secured triple honours by winning the 100 yards championship in 10⅖ secs., the 220 yards championship in 24 secs., and the 440 yards championship in 51⅘ secs. But these were not his only successes at the same gathering, for he won the quarter-mile handicap from virtual scratch (12 yards) in 50⅘ secs., and probably his best performance was in a preliminary heat of the 220 yards handicap, when, starting again from virtual scratch (4 yards), he was only beaten by inches in 22 secs., after being shut in for the last sixty yards. A very fine record, truly

WILLIAM WEBB.

Australasia has produced many great oarsmen, and Webb is one of them. Born twenty-three years ago, he stands 5 ft. 9¾ ins. in height,



WILLIAM WEBB, *Wanganui*,
Champion Amateur Sculler of N.Z., 1903.

and chest, expanded, measures 40½ ins. Like most, he started very young, and when yet in his teens his friends recognised in him a coming champion. This judgment was borne out this year, for he won the championship of New Zealand in the easiest fashion possible. His opponents were McGrath, who held the title for three years, and Spencer, also an ex-champion, and so hot did they make the pace that at the end of half a mile (the course is a mile and a half long) Webb was some eight lengths behind. From this point, however, he came up hand over hand, and, wearing the other competitors down, won handsomely with a dozen lengths to spare, McGrath being second and Spencer third. Webb's performance is all the more creditable from the fact that the facilities he enjoys for the preparations for a race are of the smallest. He is engaged at the Wanganui Freezing Works, which are four miles from his club boat-house. He belongs to the Union Boat Club, Wanganui, and during the last month of his training for the championship he was working eleven hours daily, mostly on night shifts. Webb also shines in other branches of sport, being a smart runner, cyclist and swimmer, so that he is in every sense a good all-round athlete. Many are of opinion that Webb is one of the best scullers New Zealand has produced, not even excepting McKay, Bredson, Hearn, and Sullivan, and think he would be a good match for the amateur champion of New Zealand.

L. B. WEBSTER,
Amateur Champion of N.Z., 1903,
100, 220, and 440 Yards.

A. W. WATTS,
who is shown clearing the last hurdle in this year's championship race, has been one of New Zealand's most consistent performers for the past thirteen years. His successes over distances from 100 yards to half a mile in New Zealand, New South Wales, and West Australia during that period are almost too numerous to mention, and he finished his brilliant career on the track by securing the 120 yds. and 440 yds. hurdle championship this year.

L. B. WEBSTER
is the holder of three Amateur Championships of New Zealand, viz., 100 yards, 220 yards, and 440 yards. The latter distance in

R. O. HARPETT'S WINNING TEAM OF N.Z. STATE SCHOOL BOYS, TRAINED UNDER THE SANDOW SYSTEM.
Lawrence Healey (second in middle row, from the left), second best boy.
Edgar Pritchard, best developed boy, fourth from left in middle row

SAME GROUP—BACK VIEW.

A. W. WATTS
Winning 120 Yards Hurdle Championship at Caledonian Champion Meeting, Wanganui, N.Z., Jan. 22nd, 1903; also winner 440 Yards Championship.

this year's championships he covered in 50⅗ secs., which is a record for N.Z., whilst he is credited with doing even time in the hundred, and 22⅗ in the furlong sprint. Webster, who trains on the Sandow system under Mr. R. O. Jarrett, of Wanganui, is a perfect specimen of a sprinter, and, notwithstanding the many honours he has attained, is withal modest. He was born in New Plymouth, the home of several of New Zealand's best athletes.

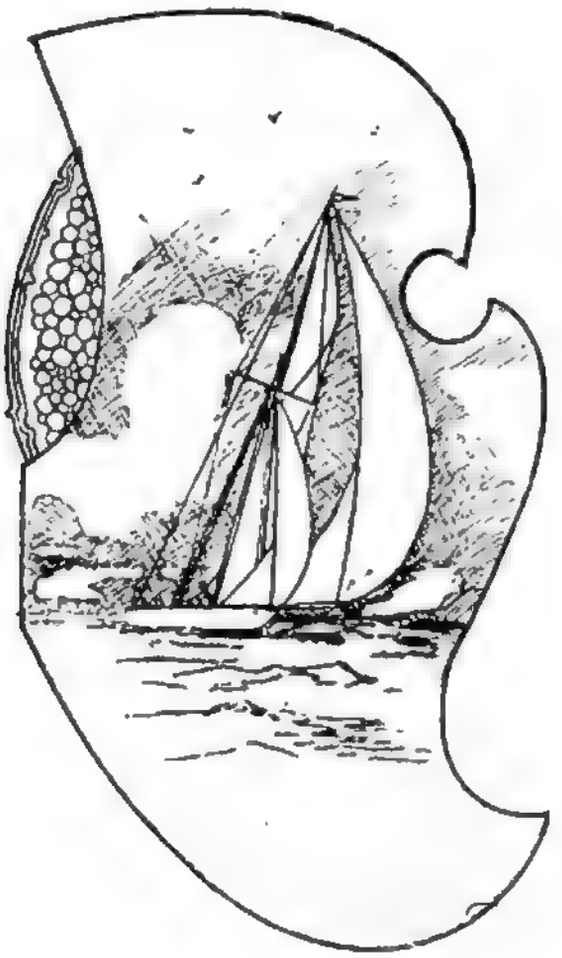
R. C. MURPHY,

who trains under the Sandow system at the Wanganui Boys' College, is champion schoolboy swimmer of New Zealand, and recently established a record by swimming a hundred yards in 1 min. 4⅕ secs. His best time for fifty yards is 29⅗ secs., and he has covered 220 yards in the standard time of 2 min. 50 secs. Australasia is noted for her swimmers, and whilst Murphy's performances are scarcely so good as those of the brothers Cavill, Lane, or Read, they still do him great credit. The fastest time for a hundred yards, it may by mentioned, is 58⅘ secs. by Cavill last year in England, but as he conceded a start to his pacemakers, it is not recognised by the authorities as a record, as they can only be made in a scratch race. Lane's 60 secs. in consequence stands as the world's record. The following are some of Murphy's measurements: — Age, 18; height, 5 ft. 8 ins.; weight, 12 stone; chest, contracted, 37 ins.; expanded, 42 ins.; upper arm, 13½ ins.; calf, 15½ ins.

R. C. MURPHY, N.Z.,
100 Yards Record-holder.

C. W. Casey,

of Normanby, Taraniki, is this year's champion axeman of New Zealand, a distinction which he also obtained in 1901. His photograph, which appeared in the July issue, was taken specially for this magazine. Casey is a wonderful performer with the axe and saw, and to see him at work on a log is a treat to witness. During the past five years he has taken part in some sixty competitions, and has only been twice unplaced, whilst this year, although always figuring at scratch, he has never failed to carry off a prize. In two-handed cross-cut sawing he and Alf. Gould, of Tasmania, hold the world's record, having cut through an 18-inch log in 13⅗ secs. In addition to these accomplishments, Casey is also a capable runner, both over hurdles and on the flat, at almost any distance up to a mile, and is also a very useful man at putting the shot, throwing the hammer, high jump, walking and wrestling. His weight, when in training, is 11 st. 7 lbs. Casey has issued a challenge to chop against any man in the world his own weight, at any sized log, for £100 a side.



Hints on Physical Culture.

"FUNCTION makes structure." To apply this, find out the action of a muscle, and you have its function. (Quite obvious.)

Perform this function regularly, concentrating the mind upon the particular muscle or muscles in action, and you produce development of that or those muscles.

To build muscle we need bricks, *i.e.*, plenty of good, pure blood. Therefore, exercise must be undertaken with a view to improving the "brick works," otherwise the digestive organs.

Let it be borne in mind that the use of any muscle causes an increased flow of blood to it. This acts in two ways: it will remove the waste tissue caused by the exercise, and it will also rebuild the broken-down tissues, adding a little more each time until development is attained.

While on the subject of the increased blood-flow, it should be remembered that the general blood-circulation of the whole body is vastly improved by exercise, for not only is the venous circulation practically accomplished by muscular contraction and relaxation, but the same cause serves to stimulate and strengthen the heart, which is thus enabled to accomplish its work of driving the blood throughout the body more thoroughly and easily.

In working to obtain muscular development, observe that each muscle gets its fair share of attention; at the same time be careful not to over-work, as in this case you will produce atrophy—wasting; and the muscles, instead of growing larger, will become less. There will also be a great lack of energy.

It is this particular point, the "amount" of work to be done, that is such a stumbling-block to the beginner.

One enthusiastic youth of my acquaintance came to me to know how it was that his biceps were not coming on as they ought to.

I asked him how long he had been physical culturing; he said, "About three weeks."

I then inquired how much work he did each day.

"Well," he explained, "it's like this. I do an hour and a half when I get up in the morning; then I have ten minutes just before dinner, and I generally manage an hour and a half to two hours after tea."

This man, I may remark, not only had not increased in size; but was actually less round the arms and legs than when he started. His eyes were sunk, and he had a jaded, dissipated look. This state of affairs was simply caused by sheer *over*-work, which, of course, is just as surely a form of dissipation as drunkenness; though, I imagine, more unusual.

Very different was the case of another young fellow, who had been reading, in some American quack-book, that five minutes' work per diem, without bells and with the fingers extended, was quite sufficient to produce a marvellous development.

I examined this man, and truly, if a pair of arms and legs thin as broom-sticks were any proof of a "marvellous" development, he certainly had them. I told him to go home and burn his book, and then to do from twenty to thirty minutes' work each day with a pair of "grip bells." Fingers extended, indeed! It is to such as these that the Schools of Physical Culture, or failing them, the "Postal Instruction," come as boons and blessings.

A few words more; in working give the different groups of muscles temporary rests

by changing—systematically—from group to group.

Side-bending, stooping, and sitting-up exercises, and, indeed, all movements calculated to promote a livelier action of the digestive organs and the organs of excretion must be persistently indulged in, as they are what may be termed the "brick-making," or blood-making exercises.

Lastly, proper breathing is of the utmost importance, as thereby the heart is relieved from undue strain, and the lungs, and consequently the blood, supplied with a continuous and sufficient supply of oxygen.

One more hint. When contracting a muscle, on no account allow the contraction to exceed from three to five seconds, as too long a contraction tends to interfere with the circulation, irritates the heart, and is generally accompanied by a sympathetic interruption of the breathing.

W. H. H.

Physical Pars.

A WRITER in "Pearson's Weekly," in dealing with the question of what this country owes to her aliens, whilst mentioning such prominent foreigners as Baron Reuter, Sir Henry Charles Fischer, Sir Ernest Cassel, Baron Grant, whose real name was Albert Gottheirer, Dr. Ludwig Mond, Professor Max Müller, and many others, writes thus of Eugen Sandow:—

"Germans are supposed to be the bitterest enemies of this country, but Britain owes big debts to many individual Germans—and to none, perhaps, a greater than to Sandow, who has instituted the revival of scientific physical culture. Sandow was born in Konigsberg, on the Russian frontier of Germany. He began life as a medical student, but abandoned medicine and took to wrestling. His first appearance in this country was in November, 1889. He has married an English woman, and now makes this country his headquarters.

* * *

"Dagonet" says, in the "Referee," the accent in Physical Deterioration is on "ration."

* * *

The following letter was recently handed to a teacher by a pupil at one of the schools for poor children in America:—"To Miss Jones,—You must leave off teaching my little girl fisical torture. She needs yet reedin and figors and sums more as that. If I want her to do any jumpin I kin make her jump.—Yrs. trooly, Mrs. Brown." Mrs. Brown would appear to be one of those women for whose ignorance nations have to suffer.

* * *

West End Association Notes.

West End Swimming Championships.

FOR the fourth year in succession Clarence won the team and individual championships, A. C. Emsworth again asserting his immense superiority over all comers in the latter, and winning quite easily—distance 500 yards—by the comfortable margin of 20 yards. C. I. McGowan, of Harrodian, took second position, with D. Foskey and M. H. Phillips, both again of Clarence, third and fourth. The Team Championship panned out as follows:—Clarence easily first with 8 points, exceeding the minimum obtainable by 2 points only. Grove House, second, with 20 points. Magpie and Tottenham House a tie for third; then Cavendish, Harrodian, Kildare and Crescent. The meeting, which was held in conjunction with the City of London Championships, was, from management and other points of view, a complete success.

London Junior Polo Cup.

Given average fortune this much-coveted trophy should come to the West End this season by the efforts of the Clarence team which has done so well in the rounds. They have a tough fight still before them, with Nautilus II, to secure premier place in the division, a draw having resulted in the last encounter. Success in the replay, which is to take place on September 3rd, will qualify them for the final. West End men should rally to the Association's representatives on both these occasions, and lend that moral support which is so often instrumental in inspiring competitors to victory.

Running.

Some admirable athletics were witnessed at Paddington Recreation Ground on the occasion of the W.E.A.A.A. One Mile Championship and Relay Race. In the former event W. Cox, of Kildare, just managed to retain his title by the infinitesimal margin of four inches, the struggle between Cox and H. F. Darby, of Grove House, evoking the most intense excitement. At 30 yards from home they were neck and neck, neither man yielding a fraction, until, at the post, it seemed a dead heat had resulted, though the judge's verdict was in favour of the holder to the extent mentioned. A truly exciting race, and one that will be long remembered. W. Pearce, of Harrodian, was third.

Magpie secured the relay team race, four men counting, each covering 440 yards, with A. H. Hancox, P. A. Hawke, E. P. Pring, and J. T. Roberts.

It is a matter for sincere congratulation that, despite the absence of a big field day, the W.E.A.A.A. is doing remarkably well, the interest being well sustained and the evening meetings well attended.

A. P. Turner, well known in West End cycling circles, has turned his attention from the cement to the cinder track, and, judging from the style he gobbled the events at Clarence Sports, bids fair to develop into a very fine runner in the near future.

Football.

A highly satisfactory balance of £30 is the result of Mr. Winney's last of four years of office as Hon. Secretary of the W.E.A.F.A., and the Association by electing him Hon. Treasurer, *vice* Mr. F. G. Shaw, resigned, have befittingly decided that he shall still exert his beneficent influence over their coffers. The new Hon. Secretary is Mr. R. Hughes, of

Holborn Circus, who, having graduated under Mr. Shaw, should shape well for the post.

The draw for the Senior Cup, held at the recent Annual General Meeting, works out thus :—

Cavendish *v.* Lowndes, Kensington Rangers *v.* Grove House, Olympic *v.* Prairie Rangers, Vulcans *v.* Oxford, with Holborn Circus, Clarence, West End, and Kildare each with a bye, the first round to be played on or before November 7.

The Junior Cup Divisions are made up as follows :—

DIVISION I.

West End.
Holborn Circus.
Shamrock.
Grove House.
Oxford.
Lowndes.

DIVISION II.

Clarence.
Kensington Rangers.
Kildare.
Vulcan.
Bentinck.
Olympic.

DIVISION III.

Harrodian.
Newman House.
Leta.
Quadrant.
Hatherley Rovers.
Hanover House.

DIVISION IV.

Old Argyll.
Cavendish.
Prairie Rangers.
Victoria.
Cadogan.
Unity.

All ties to be played by February 13, 1904.

Athletics in the City.

By A. P. PARKER.

THE City of London Associations Individual and Team Swimming Championships took place at Petersham Ait on Saturday, July 18, in conjunction with the West End Association's events. There was a large company present, and all concerned were fortunate enough to miss the heavy storm that passed over London, and to enjoy a good afternoon's sport. The Team Championship had previously been won by two clubs only, Ravensbourne and City Police. The former held the Challenge Vase from 1891 to 1895, and again in 1900; while the Police won it in 1896 and held it till 1900, but regained it in 1901 and held it last year, thus having won six times out of the past seven years. They were thought to possess an excellent chance of success on this occasion, but, unfortunately for them, their crack swimmer, G. Innocent, who was leading at the half-distance, took a bad course afterwards, and was never able to regain his position. This was bad luck for himself and his team, as, had he finished first, the policemen would have again won the championship, which fell to the General Post Office S.C. A. G. Harvey, of the City Dolphin, was again first man home, but the Post Office provided the 3rd, 4th, 5th and 8th, and secured the lower number of points.

The holder, A. G. Harvey, won the Individual Championship for the third year in succession. The competition was instituted in 1877, and was won that year and the next by A. E. Chaston, of the Connaught S.C.; then F. W. Moses won it in the Condor S.C. colours in 1889 and 1890, and then, swimming for the Ravensbourne, he won it for the next three years in succession, but in 1894 a fellow clubman, A. E. McConnell, was successful, but Moses regained the championship the next year. S. J. Monks, of Blomfield House, held it in 1896 and 1897, then Ravensbourne produced the Australian champion, J. H. Hellings, who was successful for the next three years, but after his return to Australia the present holder stepped in and has held it ever since.

The Ravensbourne S.C. gala is fixed for October 3rd at the Westminster Baths.

The 100 Yards Amateur Championship of England, which was held at the Hornsey S.C. gala, was of special interest to city swimmers, as A. G. Harvey and G. Innocent had entered; unfortunately, they both were placed in the same heat as J. H. Derbyshire, of Manchester Osborne, the ex-champion, who eventually won the race. But Innocent and Harvey had a rare tussle, the former getting second and Harvey third.

At the Bath Club on Friday, July 10, before the King and Queen and other distinguished personages, the City Police S.C., represented by Duke, Clare, and Drake, in uniform, gave a display of life saving which was much appreciated, as also was some fancy and scientific swimming by the City ex-champion, S. J. Monks.

Another good performance of a City swimmer was that of G. Innocent in the final heat of the 100 yards handicap at the gala of the Life-Saving Society at Highgate

Bathing Ponds, when he finished third with only 9 secs. start. In this several of the fastest swimmers in England competed.

The summit of ambition for any man connected with swimming is to be President of the Amateur Swimming Association. This year Mr. Geo. Pragnell received that honour, and thus it became necessary to find another hon. sec. This was no easy task, for "G. P." is a difficult man to follow, and the work of the Association is heavy enough to frighten most honorary workers. However, the next best man was found, and Ravensbourne again supplied him; Mr. George Hearn, who, during the time he has held office, has been a great success. He became a member of the Ravensbourne S.C. in 1885, and from 1891 to 1895 was hon. sec. of that club and on the executive of the City of London Swimming Association; he was also at this time hon. sec. and treasurer of the Citizen Water Polo Club, and in 1893–4–5 held a similar position in the London Water Polo League, which set the game of "aquatic football" going in the South, and on retiring he was presented with an address and an engraved gold watch. He has played at most games—football, cricket, hockey, running, and walking.

The Olympic Sports were this year postponed to July 4 on account of bad weather, and it was as well that they were, for the conditions were of the pleasantest, and particularly favourable to an event of this kind. There was some good racing and fun, in which the Olympic Derby played a prominent part, but a pleasant feature was the presentation to Mr. Clyde Purnell of a gold watch, suitably inscribed, and an appropriate address in recognition of the many services he has rendered the Olympic Association. Mr. L. C. Bouillon made the presentation, and congratulated him upon the excellence he had attained in athletic prowess during the years he had been connected with the Association. They had been pleased to note that popularity and the "praise of men" had not proved the proverbial snare.

R. W. Wadsley, who is back in England on a visit from California, had trained specially for the 220 Yards Amateur Championship, but was most unfortunate, as, making a waiting race of it in the first heat, he got shut in, and after he had been pushed on the turf in trying to come through, he qualified for the final by finishing second, but was ruled out by the judges.

However, at the Ayr F.C. sports on July 20, he won the 220 Yards Open Handicap from scratch.

At the Essex County Championships at Chelmsford on July 18, E. J. Ottey, the Ravensbourne and City champion, won for the third time in succession the Quarter mile Championship Cup, which now becomes his own property.

The City Associations One Mile Cycling Championship was held at the Crystal Palace on Monday, July 13, Ravensbourne eventually winning the final by one point from Holborn Circus, D. L. Palmer, of the last-named, being first man home.

This is Ravensbourne's sixth success in the competition since the first race in 1892. Forest won in 1895 and 1896, Botolph in 1898, Holborn Circus in 1899 and 1901, while Anlaby were successful in 1900.

TO continue with the review of Attila's book on weight-lifting.

There are some very sensible observations on the importance of not over-doing one's work. Twice a week, without over-taxing one's strength, is quite sufficient. Great stress, too, is laid upon a point to which many weight-lifters give scarcely even a thought, that is, the distribution, as far as possible, of the weight raised over the whole of the body. Weight-lifting is not done simply by the strength of the arms alone. As Attila says, "the more muscles you call simultaneously into play, the more you will lift. Also, do not try to make too rapid progress."

Now, it is one thing to give sound advice, but it is quite another to get persons to act upon it; and, if I may say so, I do not think quite sufficient stress has been laid upon the necessity for careful preparation. There is something more in weight-lifting than the possession of the mere strength sufficient to control the weight; there is an art in lifting, an art which is not naturally possessed by many, and the man who will make the greatest progress, with the least fear of any disagreeable results following, is he who pays the greatest attention to careful preliminary training and preparation.

The second part of the book is occupied with descriptions of the manner in which the various lifts may best be made, and these descriptions are so concise, full, and lucid that the veriest novice should have no difficulty in learning the easiest and most effective manner of raising heavy weights. Great, but not too much, importance is given to neatness and quickness as essential to attractive lifting. Quickness is a point of which the would-be lifter is rather apt to lose sight; he frequently labours under the impression that it is the slow, laboured effort which produces the best results; that this idea is altogether erroneous the instructions prove. Slow progress is insisted upon; one lift should be thoroughly mastered before a second kind should be attempted; a good style ought to be cultivated, for in weight-lifting it is very easy indeed to acquire a style that is ugly and bad. As a whole, the book is a most useful one—indispensable, in fact—to the novice, and to him worth far more than the eighteen-pence charged; and even the more experienced weight-lifter might do worse than invest in a copy, for it contains much by which he would benefit. It is edited by Mr. Inch, the well-known Scarborough "Hercules."

The challenge issued by Mr. Smith, of

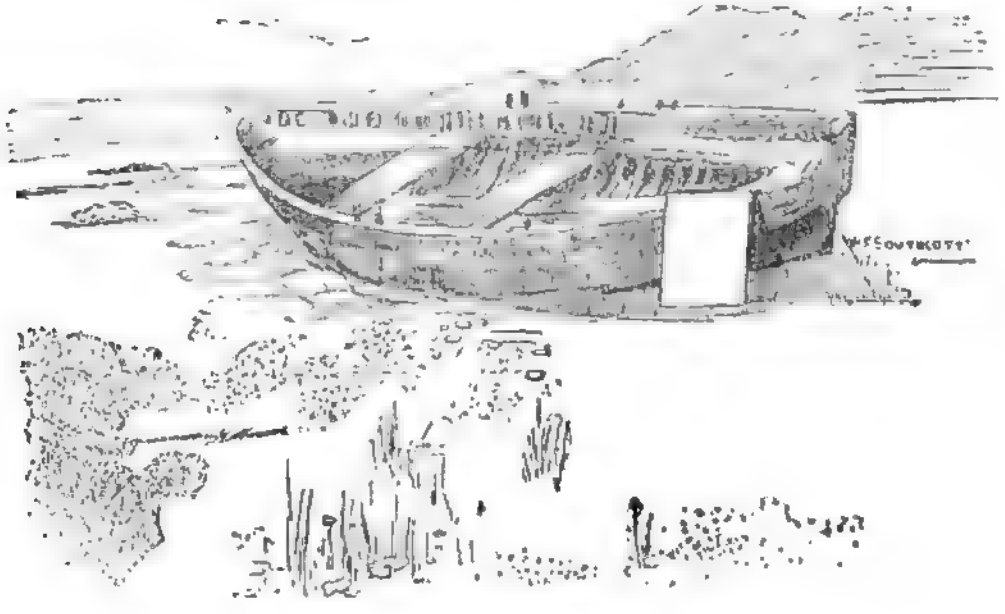
Blackpool, on behalf of his pupil, Mr. Wrigley, has quickly been taken up, and I trust that a good match may be the outcome. Messrs. T. W. McCoombes (8 stone), T. Turnbull (8 stone), and W. Burns (of all of whom readers of these notes have heard before) are all prepared to meet Mr. Wrigley, either at the four championship lifts or at other feats, on terms which should easily accommodate themselves to the Lancashire weight-lifter. I need hardly say that the contests, if brought off, would be of a strictly amateur nature.

In the early part of the month I was a witness of one of the, if not *the*, most wonderful weight-lifting performances I or anyone else have ever seen. I went down to a weight-lifting school at Forest Gate, and amongst the visitors were two of the famous Saxon brothers and a younger relation, who, if his feats during the evening may be accepted as a forecast of what he will be ultimately able to perform, should make a name for himself in the near future. Several of the members demonstrated their skill in the art of weight-lifting, and put in some very good work indeed, Mr. Warner especially distinguishing himself with a right-handed press (dumb-bell) of 140 lbs., a trifle more than his own weight. Then the Saxons showed the company assembled what they could do, and succeeded in astonishing every one present. Hermann Saxon, a comparative youth, and scaling a couple of pounds under 12 stone, first caused considerable excitement with a clean "snatch" of 160 lbs. Then Arthur, who in appearance is far less formidable than many a weight-lifter of lesser powers, made a similar right-hand "snatch" with the same weight, and while holding it at arm's length above his head, stooped down, lifted a 105-lb. dumb-bell with his left hand, raised it to the shoulder, and pushed it above his head. A few more feats followed, and then a most formidable instrument was brought on the scene. This was a bar-bell, with ends formed of large iron plates, each weighing 10 lbs., slipped over the shaft and secured by a screw cap. With its various plates this bar-bell weighed 265 lbs.; but one would have thought it half this weight, judging by the ease with which Arthur Saxon lifted it with both hands to the chest and then jerked it above his head. Then Hermann tried to do likewise, and after many attempts, in which the heavy and somewhat awkward and ugly weight would persist in stopping half-way up, succeeded in jerking it to arms'-length over his head. Arthur then announced that he would attempt a one-handed press with the bar-bell, and succeeded comfortably. A short rest, and two additional plates were secured to the bar-bell, and with a great effort it was pressed up in a similar manner, vociferous cheers greeting the wonderful feat. Still not contented with his feat—Arthur was credited with a press of 318 lbs. in Dublin a short time ago—the brawny German had two more plates affixed, and, amidst absolute silence, attempted to raise the terrible weight. It was a good effort, but it failed. Another rest, massage of the arms, a drink of coffee, and he made the attempt again, but again failed. A third attempt met with no greater success; but Saxon had made up his mind not to be beaten, and tried again. Again it was a failure, and attempts were made to persuade him to give it up; the bar-bell was an absolutely strange one, it was decidedly awkward, and the thickness of the shaft quite out of proportion to the enormous weight; in fact, it was so thin one could see that when the weight was poised over the bent arm the athlete could get no serviceable grip. Saxon, however, was obstinate, and once more propping the huge bell on end, he gripped it fairly in the middle, seized it by the lower extremity, and lifted it to the shoulder; here the left hand was removed, his body bent over, the bar-bell swinging round so quickly that all wondered its

impetus did not carry the lifter off his feet. With a slow, tremendous effort, the arm was straightened, and with a short halt to collect himself, Saxon slowly 'pushed himself upright, the bar-bell going fairly above his head; holding it there for a second, he let it down amidst the most enthusiastic applause.

Subsequently I assisted in weighing the bar-bell, and instead of its weight being, as thought, 305 lbs., it actually turned the scale at eight ounces less than 315 lbs. Truly there was nothing left to do but wonder at the lifter's marvellous strength and address in controlling such a weight; but Saxon himself appeared in no way distressed or excited by his wonderful feat, and announced his intention of trying to go one better at no distant date; and I, for one, shall not be surprised if he succeeds.

A letter received from Mr. C. von Lom, the well-known amateur weight-lifter, besides being most interesting to all concerned in the physical training of the young, has proved to me that I was wrong in my suppositions with regard to that gentleman's ideas concerning weight-lifting for children, and I am heartily glad to see that an athlete of such experience concurs with me in my views on the subject.



AND EDITORIAL CHAT.

Although I have opened these pages for the purpose of coming into closer touch with my friends and readers, you must remember that space is limited, and I *cannot* prescribe courses here.

The attention of my readers is called to an announcement on page iii of cover.

All communications relating to Instruction by post should be addressed to me at Basing House, Basinghall Street, E.C., and these will receive prompt attention.

Ordinary replies cannot be answered by post.

M. A. Penny.—There is nothing alarming in your complaint. Massage with my embrocation before and after exercise.

S., Clapham.—If you mean the amount of rest between exercises, about one minute is enough. Just sufficient for your breathing and pulse to resume their normal state. Glad to hear you have derived so much benefit from my system.

Anxious.—(1) You had better consult your medical man as to whether you are strong enough to begin exercises. (2) Plasmon cocoa would suit you, also their biscuits.

E. W. Mann.—The number of times depends upon your strength; about 20 for No. 1–2, and the rest in proportion, would be about right in your case.

Varicose.—There is only one complete cure, and that is to have them extracted by operation. Nothing serious unless they are very bad. Do not exercise or stand upon your legs longer than you can help. If very slight, exercise lightly and massage after.

Admirer, Maidenhead.—The classes you enquire about will be reopened in about a month's time. There are classes for ladies and children.

Wednesbury.—That you have broken yourself of a bad habit is a matter for congratulation, and am delighted to hear it. Your measurements are very good indeed, and considering that you are yet young, are quite proportionate. So long as you keep them in good condition, growth is only a matter of time. Use the developer, as well as the grip dumb-bells.

John Grant.—This is a weakness unfortunately very common. I advise you to lead an athlete's life as much as possible. Get my developer and dumb-bells and exercise regularly twenty minutes night and morning. Take a cold bath at least once per day, provided your heart and lungs are sound. A better plan would be to take a Postal Course, particulars of which will be forwarded to you upon application. Should be pleased to hear the results of three months' work.

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Leonard S.—Your chest expansion is good. Don't attempt weight-lifting, you are much too young.

J. B., Worthing.—The most sustaining food I know is Plasmon. Taken with your meals, and drinking Plasmon cocoa, it will answer your purpose entirely.

W. D. P.—From your description only, it is difficult to say what damage you have done. I advise you to see a medical man, or consult my School Manager in Liverpool.

W. M. Winter.—No more medals will be given at present; watch the Magazine carefully for notices of further competitions.

H. Zerbe.—Thanks for suggestion. I will think it over.

E. Graham.—Your letter is very gratifying and I will try and publish your photo and parts of your letter at some future date. I advise you a Postal Course when you have finished the three months. This would ensure your work being regulated.

Chas. Emmerson.—(1) It is simply a question of sufficient will power. (2) Give up drinking tea and try cocoa. Plasmon is the best, I think.

A. Reece.—No, it is a case of Nature asserting herself; but what is the objection?

W. A. McReddie.—There were difficulties in the case at the beginning, but I am now expecting some results which I will publish. It would, of course, be removed when bathing.

H. H. D.—By light dumb-bells, I mean from 2 to 5 lbs. Ten minutes is sufficient for some people, others require fifty or sixty minutes. Carry on with your present programme if it is satisfactory. Why not take a Postal Course?

F. M.—Take Plasmon with your food and exercise regularly.

W. Pitcher.—I am considering your proposition. Thanks for good wishes.

T. Bancroft.—You did not read the conditions of the competition, but thanks for photo.

J. A. Ware, Demerara.—I would suggest you write to Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, E.C. They would be able to supply you.

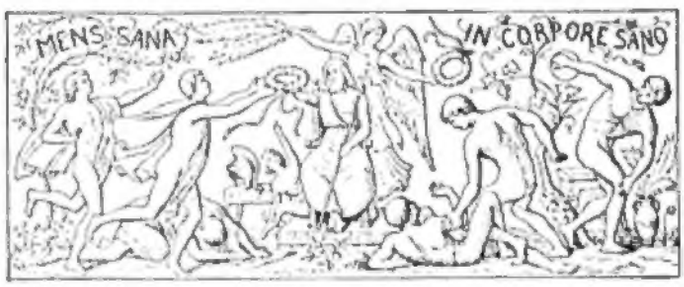
F. Norman, Vienna.—I would suggest a course of Postal Instruction. Write to me at 17 and 18, Basinghall Street, E.C.

T. W. P.—I should not exercise in the early morning yet, your stomach is not strong enough. Take Plasmon with your food.

Weary.—The feeling will soon disappear if you exercise regularly for half an hour a day with developer and dumb-bells.

Royd Garlick, New Zealand.—Thanks for letter. Photos published this month. Will bear in mind your remarks *re* colonials and future competitions. Glad to hear of your success.

E. Morgan, Llandudno.—You are too far from Liverpool, which is the nearest school. Why not try a course by post?



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To My Readers.

IMPORTANT NOTICE RELATING TO MY POSTAL INSTRUCTION DEPARTMENT.

I regret having to announce that owing to the enormous mass of correspondence which inundates me day by day in connection with my Postal Instruction Department, I cannot possibly, under existing conditions, give the necessary time and consideration to each individual application.
I have therefore decided, in common fairness, to limit prescriptions by post to what may be called

Curative Physical Culture.

THIS HAS NECESSITATED THE DISCONTINUANCE OF THE 2/6 MONTHLY COURSE.

The cases upon which I shall now give advice are those where expert and individual instruction is necessary.
Among these may be named—

INDIGESTION,
INSOMNIA,
CONSTIPATION,
NERVOUS DISORDERS,
SLUGGISH LIVER,
WEAK LUNGS,
OBESITY,

and generally the disorders resulting from a sedentary life.

Those of my readers requiring treatment under these and similar headings, should write to me at the offices of the Department, and I will send without charge my new treatise, **CURATIVE PHYSICAL CULTURE**, a handsome volume of 50 pages, which will give the necessary information.

The fees are, of course, on a revised scale, but they will be found commensurate with the work involved.

(*Signed*) Eugen Sandow

Address—S. POSTAL INSTRUCTION DEPARTMENT,
17, 18, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.

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"No Better Food."

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

Fry's

PURE CONCENTRATED

Cocoa.

Sandow's Magazine *says*—"Tea should not be used for breakfast, but a cup of pure cocoa, such as Fry's Concentrated—which, being free from adulteration, will be found to agree with the weakest digestions. In fact, no less an authority than DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., has declared it to be the IDEAL OF PERFECTION."

"STRIKING"

TESTIMONY TO THE VALUE OF SANDOW'S SPRING GRIP DUMB-BELL.

COPY OF TESTIMONIALS.

2, CARLYLE GARDENS, CHEYNE ROW, S.W., May 17th, 1900.

SIR,—I am much obliged to you for the Spring Grip Dumbbells. I have used a similar pair for some months. The grip system combined with a scientific arrangement of exercises is certainly a great advance on the old fashioned combination of clumsy bells and vague exercises. The grip bells are certainly very good for strengthening the muscles of the forearm, which of course are much used in many strokes in cricket.—With thanks, I am, yours faithfully, C. B. FRY.

GRANGETHORPE, O. W. TRAFFORD, May 2nd, 1900.

SIRS,—Your dumbbells to hand, for which please accept my thanks. Having used them on previous occasions I can honestly say I have derived much benefit from them, and, so far as cricket is concerned, I feel sure that nothing but good can be the result of the use of the same. A pair of your dumbbells are kept in the chief dressing-room of our pavilion.—Yours truly, A. C. MCLAREN.

5/0 to 12/6 per pair.

Illustrated Descriptive Circular mailed free on application to—

Sandow Spring Grip Dumbbell Co.,
SANDOW HALL, SAVOY CORNER,
Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.

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